

The Expositor

A Journal of Parish Methods

The Bare Bough

REV. F. W. BOREHAM

The loveliest things in all the world are the things that are not there. I came home yesterday afternoon by way of Irving Road. It is a favorite walk of mine. I love the stately homes, the graceful lawns, the well-kept gardens, the long avenue of trees; and, most of all, I love the occupants of those familiar trees. For, to me, every one of those trees is vibrant with life. I never walk along Irving Road without seeming to see thousands of squirrels, thousands of kookaburras, and a countless host of similarly charming things. I say that I *seem* to see them, for I have to confess that I do not actually see them. I do not *actually* see them for the simple reason that they are not there! But that is a mere detail that does not affect my vision in the least. Let me explain!

The first tall tree to salute you as you set out along Irving Road is a giant gum on the right hand side of the way. It stands in a garden, about fifty or sixty yards back from the road. The lowest branch of that particular tree is a scraggy little shoot, scarcely more than a twig, jutting out from the trunk at right angles, about thirty feet from the ground. I had never noticed that bare and slender bough until one never-to-be forgotten day three years ago; but, ever since, it has been difficult to keep my eyes from it. It holds my attention with hypnotic tenacity.

For, on that glorious afternoon, I beheld, perched upon that feeble bough, the noblest kookaburra I have ever seen. He seemed to be ostentatiously displaying the splendor of his new plumage, which fairly glittered in the bright sunshine; and although I usually turn away my eyes from beholding vanity (in order to vex, mortify and extinguish it) I deliberately pampered the pride of this gorgeous bird by standing before him in an ecstasy of admiration. He turned his head wisely to the right, then to the left; he faced me; he turned his back to me; he showed himself off in every possible pose; he allowed me — indeed, assisted me — to take a score of mental photographs — colored photographs — of his beauty; and then, his mate suddenly appearing in a neighboring tree, he flew off with a long and graceful swoop to join her. And, as I resumed my walk, I heard the pair of them laughing together for the sheer joy of it all.

I never pass along Irving Road now without feasting my eyes on that bare bough. For me

it has been invested with a glory that can never depart. Whenever I pass the tree, I see that glorious bird again. And, having left Irving Road behind me, it seems incredible that I have not once more gazed upon his shining plumage.

The next tree to greet you is an elm by the side of the road. I was passing it one moonlight night some years ago when a big brown 'possum came deliberately down the bole and crossed the path at my very feet. A few yards further on is a shapely oak, standing at the corner of a handsome lawn, yet so near to the road that its long, horizontal branches shade the public footpath. On one of those branches I one morning saw a pair of gray squirrels sitting erect, their tails curled loftily behind them, facing each other in the quaintest, pertest possible way. I stood looking up at them. They were almost within reach of my hand; but they never moved. I passed underneath them; stopped again; and, from the other side, again examined them. But, except for a shy glance or two, they took no notice of me; and I at length continued my walk, leaving the furry lovers to their felicity.

And so I could go on. There is not a tree in Irving Road, or within sight of it, that is not enriched by some such choice associations. And, today, as I passed along the road, my yesterdays rush back upon me; and all these exquisite dramas are re-enacted as I pass the trees in which I first beheld them. And so it comes about that I never walk along Irving Road without seeming to witness thousands of these delightful scenes. So true is it that the loveliest things in all the world are the things that are not there.

I know an old lane in Kent. All the oceans of the world roll between it and me. But if I recrossed those oceans, and again walked down the lane, I know exactly what I should see. I should see a little brown squirrel up in the elm-tree, and a pheasant out in the clover field, and a water-rat down by the trout stream, and a hedgehog in the ditch beside the white gate, and a stoat on the bank near the mill-pond, and an adder coiled up under the hawthorn, and a herd of fallow deer down in the hollow, and a pair of wise old owls perched on the finger-post where the lane joins the great main road. I saw them all there many years ago, and I shall never go down the lane without seeing them again.

There is something strangely sacramental about

those branches — the branches that bring back to my fancy the pretty creatures that once perched upon them. Not for worlds would I have those boughs cut down. I have shed no tears over the departure of the live things that occupied them: but I should feel that life had been tragically impoverished if those trees were to be felled or those branches lopped away.

Life is full of such things. You will sometimes surprise a young wife at a dainty piece of needlework. As you approach her, she blushes and puts the tiny garment away. What dreams she was dreaming before you disturbed her! The snow-white fabric in her fingers was only the bough. The bird had not yet come to it. But the baby that is coming! There is nothing, in this world or in any other, that so appeals to a woman's fancy as the baby that is coming! We are still among those things — the loveliest things of all — the things that are not there!

The baby that is coming has but one serious rival! The baby that has been! When the tiny snow-white garments are folded up and put away! Nobody has ever seen it done. It is one of the sanctities of solitude. A woman does not tell even her husband that she is going to do it, or that she is doing it, or that she has done it. Only the angels see the tears that, like dew upon snowdrops, moisten those pure and fleecy things. To her, the loveliest thing in life is the thing that is not there. The baby that has been! These tiny draperies are like the branches in Irving Road. The bird has vanished: but the bough remains. And the bough is sacramental. Not for all the wealth of the Indies would this childless young mother destroy the feathery softnesses of that sacred drawer.

Therein lies the eternal mystery of clothes. Just as the bough preserves the bird, and presents it afresh to my fancy whenever I pass beneath the tree, so the clothes that one has worn radiate the personality of the wearer. In spite of his immense popularity and success, George Augustus Sala, the eminent journalist, felt that all the lights of life had been blown out when his beautiful wife suddenly died. He had idolized her, and, on her death, he was disconsolate. "He had her head frescoed on the hall-ceiling of their pretty old-world house in Mecklenburgh Square, so that, on entering the hall, he might look up and be welcomed by her. And her dresses he kept still hanging in the wardrobe among his own clothes, saying that only to see a garment she had worn gave comfort to his grieved and lonely soul." Only clothes! A bare bough from which the bird had flown! Yet, as long as the bough was there, the bird seemed to be still singing its old sweet song.

There are, I know, natures so sensitive that they cannot bear to gaze upon the bare boughs on which their birds once sang.

"It may be possible for you," they say, "to see, not the empty branch, but the glorious bird that

sang there: *we* are only tortured by the bareness of the bough."

I think of Francis Thompson. That most seraphic poet was, in his student days at Manchester, passionately fond of cricket. He thought that there was no joy on earth like the joy of watching a match of Old Trafford. Old Trafford, on a long summer's day, with Lancashire battling fiercely for every run or exploiting all its cutting to secure the obstinate wickets, was heaven-upon-earth to Francis Thompson, as to thousands besides. Then the years dragged by — the years of his degradation in a London gutter; the years in which he felt the stirring of his genius within him; the years of his rescue by the Meynells; years of brilliant achievement, of honor and of fame. And, toward the close of his life, he was invited to see Lancashire play Middlesex at Lord's. He instantly and joyously accepted the invitation. But he had scarcely consented to go when other thoughts presented themselves to his mind. Dr. Hutton has paraphrased those later reflections of his. "Shall I go?" he asks himself. "Yes, surely it will be a fine thing to recapture the thrills and suspenses of those early days! But no! Why should I sadden myself, laying open old wounds? Even were I to go to Lord's to see my red-crested heroes bat and bowl and field, I should find myself gazing on other scenes through my tears. It would not be the actual players I should see. What I should be seeing would be ghosts! I should see a ghost wielding a bat, standing up to the bowling of another ghost; and the thing would take on for ever a bitter significance." He would, it is true, see Lancashire playing again, as he used to see Lancashire playing at Old Trafford; but would it be the same Lancashire? Would it not be painful to miss from the green sward the familiar figures of his boyhood heroes?

For the field is full of shades as I near the shadowy coast,
And a ghostly batsman plays to the bowling of a ghost,
And I look through my tears on a soundless clapping host,
As the run-stealers flitter to and fro — to and fro —
O my Hornby and my Barlow long ago!

And so he changed his mind. He could not bear to gaze upon the bough from which the birds had flown!

It is, I suppose, a matter of temperament — and circumstances. I, too, am extremely fond of cricket. For fifty years I have never missed a match if, by hook or crook, it was possible for me to see it. The prodigies of my boyhood have, of course, laid aside for ever the bat and the ball. But the grounds on which I witnessed their mighty exploits are all the dearer to me because of those associations. In visiting Eng-

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If a Man Die Shall He Live Again

REV. H. BROWNLEE

The word Easter means Dawn — the dawn of a new life in nature. Life is never so beautiful as when it comes up fresh in the Springtime.

Around us today, the earth is waking from the long sleep of winter. The cold biting winds have given place to the more gentle breezes; plants and flowers are tunneling their way to freedom, coming in search of air and light. The beautiful lilies that adorn our pulpits, tell us that the miracle of spring is here and death is giving place to a more abundant life.

As we view this resurrection from the dead in nature, the question comes. "If a man die, shall he live again?" It is a question that comes to every age; to every race. It is a question that will not stay answered. It came to the prophet Job long ago and it still comes to each soul struggling toward the light. All of us have heard it asked beside the open grave.

Men hold different views on the question of Immortality.

When someone asked the great Chinese scholar, Confucius, if the soul was immortal, he replied, "I cannot tell you whether there is anything beyond this life, for I do not know. If I knew I would not tell you. For if I assure you of a future life you would so neglect the living and worship the dead that the present world would be empty. If I told you there was no future life you would care for nothing except passion and possessions."

Some today tell us they do not know about anything excepting the life we live here on earth. When they look into the future they see no morning dawn. All is darkness and comparative gloom. As they think about the future they are bewildered with uncertainties and cry out, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him!"

Some definitely assert there is no life after death and their days are spent in trying to convince themselves that it is true.

We may answer "No," emphatically, but when the Spring comes and the earth awakens to life the question comes to us again, "If a man die shall he live again?"

This is a question that belongs not to the civilized nations alone, but one that arises with the dawn of human thinking and understanding. What happens to the spirit after it leaves the body? What becomes of our departed? A Missionary, addressing a group of Indians, found it difficult to secure their attention. Then, as he uttered the words, "I know where your loved ones have gone," all were attentive.

Scarcely a week passes without some of us joining in a solemn procession from the church to the cemetery. Must we say as we look into the open grave that this is the end of all life or shall we look upon death as the porchway or entrance into the Father's home? Must we join at such a time in those dreary words of Tolstoi, "Goodbye for ever,"

or chant with Tennyson the immortal hope, "Sunset and Evening bells?"

Great changes are continually taking place as men and nations advance intellectually. The old is rapidly giving place to the new. Many of the beliefs and practices of our fathers are forgotten. What shall we say in regard to Immortality? Shall it, too, pass away as we increase in mental faculties or is our foundation secure?

If we ask Science the question, "If a man die shall he live again?" The answer is, "Yes, he *may*, for harvest follows seed-time and if God can bring to life the tiny seeds that lie buried in the earth, will He neglect the soul of man — made in his own image?"

Philosophy says man "*hopes*" to live again. When the messenger of death comes to us it is generally in the midst of our labors. Our work may be far from completion. God will surely give us a chance to complete what we have begun.

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust
Thou mad'st man, he knows not why.
He thinks he was not made to die,
And thou ha'st made him thou are just."

Ethics replies that man "*ought*" to live again. The great men of the world have faced the dungeon, fire, and sword in the cause of their religion. They have died before their hopes were realized. God ought to send a day of recompense.

All of these answers have an element of truth. None gives to us the full assurance that our souls demand.

Turning from these to the words of Jesus, we get a definite answer that man *shall* live again, "I have tasted death for every man." "I have brought life and Immortality to light." "I am the resurrection and the life saith the Lord . . . O Grave, where is thy victory, Oh death where is thy sting?"

Christians share this belief in Immortality with men and women of various races and stages of civilization.

In the rock-hewn tombs beside the sands of the Nile, the old Pharaohs were wrapped in linen on which the words were written, "The dead shall live again."

Such was the belief of Greece and Rome. The worshippers of the gods, Jupiter and Minerva, looked forward to the shadowy realm of the dead; the misty region of the grave about which they knew little, but in which they firmly believed.

When the Pilgrim Fathers came to establish their homes in this great continent of America they found in many a forest-grave the arrow and quiver of the Indian Brave. The departed spirit had crossed to the Happy Hunting Ground.

To the inspiration that comes to us when we see the trees and flowers bedeck themselves in

many colors, Easter adds the fact of the Resurrection. "Because I live, ye shall live also."

On the old Spanish coins, before Columbus discovered America, the words were engraven, "Ne plus ultra," "No more beyond." Then came the day when Columbus discovered America and broadened the horizon. The inscription on the coins was changed to "Plus ultra," "More beyond."

When Christ rose triumphant on that first Easter day a new path was opened before the disciples. They could now say in all sincerity, "There is more beyond."

Let us face our daily tasks in the light of this truth. Live not as creatures of a moment, but as those who possess an Immortal soul. It is only when we think immortal thoughts that we are capable of doing immortal deeds.

The Golden Gleam of Immortality

REV. JAMES P. GABLE

Last evening, as I watched the beautiful summer sun sink down behind banks of golden fleece in the western sky, I did not wonder where it went. While I have never been in the far west, I know that certain lands are there. Others have told me. And I know that as the sun has gone, it is but for a short period. Darkness may enshroud the world about me, but I am not dismayed, for, piercing through the night comes that gleam of knowledge — the dawn will come and the sun will rise again.

There is another land I look to in the sunset of life. I have never seen it, but it is a land of more abiding reality than any of these far-off lands beyond my horizon. This land beyond the sunset — this land of immortality, this blessed country of the soul, is the one thing I know with a certain and unshakable knowledge. I may not always

be certain about the things of this world, but that other world — it is always clear to me.

Death is not the end — it is rather a new beginning. Death is not the Master of the house, but only the porter who opens to the godly life, the gate to the King's palace. Life is not a landlocked lake with three score years and ten as its boundaries. Life is but an arm of the sea and there in the West begins the vast and infinite waters of eternity.

In the hour of grief and darkness when we mourn the departure of one who has meant so much to us, there should be this golden gleam of the happy assurance of the immortality of the soul to soften our grief. Surely, as the words of the Christ come to us, "I came that ye might have life and have it more abundantly," we may face the sunset with anticipation and joy.

What is a Minister

REV. FREDERICK T. ROBERTS, Litt.D.

I.

The January issue of the *Expositor* in an editorial entitled "The True Measure" presents one of the most thought-provoking articles it has been the privilege of this writer to read for some time. It describes an interview with a minister of far-reaching fame in the field of executive and administrative ability — a man who has earned an enviable reputation in the field of church management — but who, for a certain very cogent reason is thoroughly dissatisfied with himself. "It has just come to me," says this man, "that with all my success in this particular field, I have been overlooking the *real field*. I have made my reputation and I am known because of my business ability as a genius in these things. But I have missed that reputation for which every preacher should strive." Then, quite succinctly, he goes on to say, "Henceforth I strive to merit recognition as a preacher. The *big work* of the Preacher is to *preach*. That is my aim." Commenting on this, the editor remarks, "The healthy congregational spirit comes not from executive ability, nor managerial ability, but from the consecrated

preaching of the gospel of good news. Let your name appear on that list whereon are recorded the names of those who spread the Gospel first, and earn their reputations as church managers only after they have been recognized as true fishers of men." Certainly a clearer definition of the prophetic function of the ministerial office than is contained in these words would be difficult if not impossible. With great terseness it expresses the conviction of many ministers today who find the primary function of the great office to which they were ordained buried under a mass of program and organization work.

Right here, and lest the writer be charged with something he is not guilty of, let it be said that he is a thorough believer in the "program and organization" method of advancing the interests of the Kingdom of God. He is a teacher of a rather substantial Men's Bible Class, a worker with Young People, and seldom misses any of their meetings or social affairs. He is a frequent speaker at Young People's Rallies and Sunday School conventions. He has just concluded a five weeks School of Stewardship, during which every

department of the church was organized. He is a member of his city's Chamber of Commerce, and has spoken at their meetings. American Legion conventions have called for his services, and he has been glad to obey. The question he would ask, however, is this, "Do the manifold interests and activities of the present-day minister tend to obscure the sacredness of his office, and cause the minister himself to lose sight of the primary function of his high calling?" Certainly your modern minister has changed considerably from what he once was. And serious-minded men everywhere are asking if the change has been for the better.

II.

Once upon a time the minister was just what the name implies, and nothing more. He was a man divinely set apart to minister in spiritual things. He was a "messenger from God," and when the Sabbath came, his words were received as coming from the heart of God. There was a certain and definite ring of authority about the message, and the people rejoiced in it as such. They might disagree with him once in a while. They might even sit to criticize and dissect the sermon. Even then he was "a man of God," and to be treated with the utmost reverence. And many are saying that they look in vain for this spirit and attitude today. Even the preacher himself has lost it. The deep sense of being called of God to preach the Gospel finds lodgement, it is to be feared, in the hearts of but a few. The ministry is no longer a "calling," but a "profession," and, to many, just a "job." Men of the cloth seem to revel in referring to their God-appointed tasks as a mere "job." We hear such expressions as — "I am a preacher, and I am proud of *my job*." "*My job* is selling Jesus Christ — or selling the Church." And thus have we, in our feverish anxiety to curry favor with men of business, gone into the business world to borrow their terms. Christ is a Big Business Man! The Church is a Factory or a Plant! And the minister a sort of half-glorified Superintendent! We seem to have forgotten that the minister does not have to borrow his terms from either the business or political world to give adequate expression to the peculiar work of his office, or the interests which he is supposed to represent. And numerous interviews and conversations with business men bear out the statement that they do not want him to do it. To them, the minister is a spiritual tonic in a world grown sordid with materialism. They want him to be just what he is supposed to be, and what God intended him to be — a minister in spiritual things. One man put it thus — "To me it is a sure sign of weakness when a minister forsakes the splendid things of his own calling, and resorts to the slang and jargon of the counter and street!"

III.

But, it may be argued, a minister must define his work in terms that will be understood by the

man in the street. Most assuredly. And the minister can do it as well, and better, by sticking to his own vocabulary, and without a "Thank you" to either business or politics. This does not mean that we are to look upon Religion as a thing apart from life, or that business, politics, and the patter of the street, are unclean. It does mean, however, that religion, like everything else, looks best in its own clothes, and to tag it with the label of the Stock Exchange or the Business Mart is to rob it of its God-given uniqueness and distinction. One of the slang admonitions of modern times is, "Be Yourself!" It is a good one. Ministers will do well to heed it, "Be Yourself." If you are a minister, then be just that, and nothing else. Don't try to imitate the banker and the baker. Be a minister — in your conversation — in your dress — in your general bearing. You need not be an ascetic. Certainly you need not be a monastic. You can be a man among men — manly, friendly, genial. But, first and last, "Be Yourself," and do not ape the swagger and mannerisms of other professions. Doctors do not imitate ministers, neither do lawyers. Shall the minister be less proud of the distinctions of his office? You can lose the minister in the man just as easily as you can lose the man in the minister. If this writer knows anything about business men, and he has had many years of close contact with them, they want their ministers to be just what the name indicates — a man sent from God, with a ringing challenge to their lives week after week. Said the Master, "I am among you as one who ministers." And again, "The Son of Man is come not to be ministered unto, but to minister" — the term is His, and shall we be ashamed to own it? To serve in things spiritual, to strengthen the lives of men for daily living, to bring to bear upon the visible things the pressure of an invisible and eternal verity — this is the function of the minister today, as in days of old. We look around us however, and what do we see? Everywhere we see ministers dissipating their God-given talents and energies on, what for lack of a better term, I call secondary interests — organizations, clubs, methods, programs — and when the Sabbath comes, the prophet is missing from his pulpit, and a man without a message stands in his place. And a hungry people, looking for bread — the Bread of Life — are given a stone. Of course, the modern minister must believe in organizations and methods, but let him look well to it that he does not do it at the expense of sacrificing the vital function of his high and holy office, which is to unfold the heart of God in Christ to a needy world. How often do we hear ministers complain of the lack of time for adequate pulpit preparation, because of the multiplicity of other tasks and duties? Here is a typical example — I don't know what I am going to say to my people next Sunday. Monday I attended a Christian Endeavor rally. Tuesday I was on a committee for the County Tuberculosis Society. Wednesday I attended a meeting of Presbytery's Committee on Christian Education — and so on, ad infinitum. All of them worthy causes, of course. But is a minister ever

justified in spending the time that should be given to pulpit preparation on this sort of thing? And the reaction is this — a half-filled church, with the discriminating part of his congregation feeling that their minister is trying to feed his people on husks.

IV.

But, you say, these organizations must be kept functioning, which means time and energy, and who but the minister will do it? I do not know. I only know that the preacher's first concern should be preaching, and that it is still divinely true that God has ordained that men shall be saved "by the foolishness of preaching." And I venture to submit that a more virile and vibrant ministry will recruit enough workers to make it unnecessary for the minister to thus scatter and squander himself. In fact, the most successful churches in America today are those where strong challenging preaching is to be found. In these churches, we find that the minister whilst in thorough sympathy with organizations, programs, etc., does not pretend to be an expert on this, that, and the other, but, first and foremost, a preacher, standing before his people with the authority of God on his lips, and a love for men

in his heart. And the people themselves take care of the routine and detail work, finding therein an outlet for the enthusiasm begotten of the ringing challenge of a glorified ministry. In other words, we need to return to a New Testament definition and conception of the ministerial office, and there we shall find that the minister is primarily — not a promoter — not a propagandist — not an expert-this-or-that — but a prophet of God sent to proclaim the gift of an only begotten Son to a sin-sick world. The writer's experience is that with this vital function of our office adequately cared for, all the rest — organization, system, methods — will follow. Let the minister be a good fellow — a fine mixer — a great organizer — but it remains to be said that with all these things, if he is unable to preach the gospel of the deep things of God in a challenging way, the man is not a minister, call him what you will. The preacher who cannot preach is a contradiction, and the sorriest of apologies before the world. And no amount of intricate and elaborate organization work will atone for this lack. Instead, there will be found an empty church, and a sordid people who will have lost the upward look. The call of the minister of today is — Be Yourself.

The Minister and His Reading

REV. CLARENCE E. FLYNN

What the world and the spirit of the times have done to the reading habits of the public in general, they have also done to the minister. In the case of the public they have sought to substitute the motion picture, the tabloid newspaper, and the confession magazine for the bookshelf. In the case of the minister they seek to take the hours once devoted to the enrichment of the mind and dedicate them to the putting things so fondly called practical duties — organizations, promotion, community activities.

Where the world leaves off, the church begins, for it is not wholly free from infection with the virus of materialism. Often the very disciples of Jesus get the idea that it is more important to make a stir in the world of today than to build life for the eternities.

We hear frequent complaints that there is a dearth of commanding preaching. The wonder is not that there are so few challenging voices in the pulpit, but that there are as many as there are when so many forces are joined in a giant conspiracy to throttle the spirit of prophecy. There is not enough encouragement to men to be great preachers. Yet wherever there is a voice that speaks with authority and not as the Scribes, there are people to hear it, though it be in the slums of a city or the depths of a forest. There will be plenty of such voices when the world and the church allow men to get back to the reflective life, and when ministers themselves once more determine to spend much time with the truth of God.

Why did the world's crowning religion come out of a poor, barren little country, when there were Egypt, and Babylonia, and Greece? It was because Israel was poor enough and secluded enough to walk with God. The shepherd and the vinedresser caught the "still small voice" that was lost in the rush and roar about the merchant in the marketplace. Egypt was too busy with her civilization. Babylonia was too busy with her pleasure. Greece was too busy with her culture. The spirit of prophecy is found where are the conditions under which men can dream dreams and see visions. Great preaching will never come out of a maze of material interests. Shall we so soon forget that the first great task of Jesus was to win the victory over the tempting power of material things and that one of His last triumphant statements was that He had overcome the world?

They used to say that the ideal plan for a minister is to divide his day equally between the cultivation of his mind and the work of his parish. If one would follow such a plan faithfully through a long pastorate he would have two things — a well furnished mind and a well developed church. However, it does not matter so much which plan one chooses. It matters most that he does have a plan that provides a suitable place for reading and study.

It is not the present purpose to exalt the importance of reading beyond its due. Other interests are important, but this happens to be a call back to books, back to the delight of kings

treasuries and queens' gardens, back to the refreshing that comes from truth's ever-flowing well, back to the replenishing of those powers upon which a minister must rely when every other key to success lies broken and useless.

A certain college professor used to advise his students to get and use three books, even if they could have no others. He said it did not matter how cheaply made they were, if they were only genuine and complete. He told them to get an unabridged dictionary, and study it for words; to get a copy of the complete works of Shakespeare, and study it for usage; and to get a copy of the King James Bible, and study it for style. These together with a standard encyclopaedia and perhaps a good Bible dictionary, form the necessary foundation for any ministerial library.

No minister needs to be convinced of the wonders and beauties of the English Bible. All understand its value, but some find it difficult to invest the time and effort necessary to that unusual understanding of its message which the ministry must have. It is not difficult to show the public the charm of this wonderful book, but the one who reveals that charm must first have seen it himself.

Next to the Bible comes a vast and growing field of professional material dealing with the work of the ministry. This the minister must take into account. If the physician, the lawyer, the teacher, the business man, or the farmer can continue to be a success only by keeping abreast of the newest thought and discovery in his field certainly the minister is in no position to claim exemption from the rule.

Occasionally we hear a minister boast that he knows nothing about Theology. Some even seem to regard such a claim as a qualification for the most serious and important work on earth. For a minister to make such a boast is exactly as intelligent as it would be for a lawyer to advertise that he is handling cases involving property and human rights without knowing the principles of his work, or for a physician to say that he is taking into his hands the life and happiness of human beings without a knowledge of drugs or surgery. If a minister really knows nothing about Theology it is wisest to conceal the fact, if possible, until he learns something about it. A community soon spots a man who does not know his business.

A minister must find some way to gain a wide general information and culture. The person who said that he must know everything was not far wrong. This is true not only because he is preaching to an increasingly well-informed people, but also because he must interpret God to all of these people in the terms with which they are familiar. Each of his hearers lives and works in a limited field and can get on with a knowledge of that field alone, but the field with which the minister needs to be familiar is unlimited because it touches all the others.

No minister can afford to neglect good fiction. It often tells more truth than fact does. Upton

Sinclair's "The Jungle" did. Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did. The parables of Jesus did. Aside from its entertainment value, fiction cultivates the imagination, and without that no man can be a powerful public speaker. If one will speak in pictures the people will hear and understand. One of the reasons why the common people heard Jesus gladly was the fact that His words always appealed to the imagination.

A minister needs all kinds of books, including those which make one laugh. Let us not be victims of the idea that holiness excludes the sunshine. The man who loses the song and laughter out of his life is unfit for the ministry until he gets them back. Clean and genuine humor should be on the minister's bookshelf and in his heart.

A minister should read some of the things he dislikes and with which he disagrees. There is little growth in reading or hearing only what one already knows or believes. One owes it to truth also to know the other side. Even if he is certain that the other side is wrong he should know its claims and how to meet them. The physician must study diseases before he can apply remedies. Many ministers have made too few clinical observations of the error and sin that are ruining the world.

It is sometimes said that this kind of thing means too much religion of the head and too little of the heart. You cannot separate these two things. They are parts of the same. Physics tells us that radiant heat and light are one and the same. All heat makes light. All light gives off heat. Whatever illuminates warms. Whatever warms illuminates.

On the evening of the first Easter two disciples were on their way to their simple home when a stranger drew near. He took the road with them and talked to them about the meaning of the Scriptures. Entering the house with them, He ate, and departed. Then they knew it had been the risen Lord. They said: "Did not our hearts burn within us while He talked to us in the way?"

The burning heart always goes with the understanding head. One cannot face the fair page of truth, see what God has wrought, and contemplate the goodness and love of the divine heart, with a soul unswept by the tides of spiritual feeling. Perhaps more tarrying at the feet of the Great Teacher of all truth would renew the testimony of the two disciples of Emmaus.

It must be so, for religion does not belong alone to heart or head. It belongs to the whole life. We may find God in the oratory where the soul rises heavenward upon the wings of prayer. We may find Him in the temple where arch and pillar cast dim shades about us and the altar lends us sanctuary from the world. We may find Him in the hour of unusual spiritual fervor and in the great emotional experience of a lifetime. We may find Him in the hot, white field of service to the troubled, the burdened, and the broken among men. We may find Him in the careful statement

of a creed, the formal beauty of a liturgy, or the simple prayer of a moment of contrition. We may also find Him in the field of thought and

knowledge where we behold Him and His kingdom of unsearchable riches through the magic gateway of the covers of a book.

Losing the Found

REV. G. RUSSELL FOSMIRE, B.D.

When by error, whether typographical or not, an edition of the Bible was printed in which the verse 161 in Psalm 119 was made to read, "Printers have persecuted me without cause," we had prophecy indeed. No minister seems to escape the persecutions of the printers. We are constantly besieged by this offer and that to induce us to subscribe for their publications. At least if the printer himself is not guilty, it is some editor or business manager who is closely allied with him. "We have been selected" to receive an offer for this magazine for six months or thirteen weeks at half price. Next we will be presented with some book we would much like to own for very little cash in addition to the subscription price of the magazine we hesitate to take. Finally, we find that every week we have coming to our desks an array of magazines such as would do justice to the files of a small public library. In fact shrewd publishers have had insight into the dilemma, presented by this spectacle. They assure us that we do not have time to read all these doubtless valuable magazines and will read them for us and offer us a digest of what is worth while for our perusal.

Now having been gullible, what shall we do with all the assortment of reading matter which clamors for our attention? Shall we admit that we are incompetent to decide what is good and bad and subscribe to some predigested magazine material? Surely we are not all so constituted that what is valuable to one minister will meet the needs of all others. A minister has a right to subscribe to as many magazines as he feels that he can wisely afford and reasonably use. Each man's tastes will be his guide although we need the stimulus of reading from time to time something with which we do not agree.

Having said all this and assuming that what comes to the minister's desk is read or at least looked over, we come to the place where it must be admitted that from time to time articles meet his eyes which are worth while. We find apt illustrations, ideas of exceptional worth and value for sermon materials, methods used by other pastors which can be adapted to our use. When we find them we make mental note and make in the magazine some hieroglyphic to indicate its future use or reference. Once found, too often when we decide to make use of this material dug out at considerable expense of time and money, we discover that the found is lost. The magazine has been misplaced or the code by means of which we hoped to decipher the marks is wanting and we must either go through a lot of material again or

give it up. Again, the minister may have gone to the trouble to clip out the article he expected to refer to, but clippings become bulky and useless unless classified.

The writer has experimented with various schemes for making this material readily available when wanted. At one time all newspaper clippings were placed in legal sized envelopes and each envelope numbered. Then on index cards notation was made as to the number of the envelope in which the clipped article was to be found. This was quite simple until the number of envelopes increased, making it necessary to go through several envelopes to find various clippings on the same subject. I discovered that the index furnished by magazine publishers did not always classify articles as I did. I proceeded to index magazine articles to which I wished to refer later. The name of the article was placed on a card under the subject head such as Faith or Church together with the name of the magazine and the date. Soon stacks of magazines accumulated, some of which contained but one reference. In addition to this problem, when working on some subject I would be obliged to go to several magazines for the material. It was worth while, but was there not some way to save time and avoid these piles of magazines, many bulky with advertisements?

To avoid losing the found, the writer has devised this plan for filing clippings and articles from magazines for future reference. No doubt many others have the identical system, or one similar, but the idea may prove helpful to some.

It is necessary first to purchase a filing case from some stationery or office supply store. One may use a wooden box or orange crate, but it will mean continual annoyance when one box is piled on top of another and must be moved to get into the bottom files. You can buy sectional metal cases nearly as cheap as the wooden cases and the sectional feature means only the expense of one drawer at a time, and costs no more than if one were to get a three-drawer filing case. Another important matter of economy is to buy what is known as a transfer filing case. The difference is that the transfer case does not have a rod through the center at the bottom of the index cards or divisions and is usually not as heavily built. But for our purposes it answers just as well. The index divisions need merely to be alphabetical. The folders to hold material are simply manila tab folders, as they are inexpensive. On the tab of the folder print the classification or subject which

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The Church Takes Too Much Time

RICHARD K. MORTON

How ridiculous, you say. The idea of saying that the Church, with its great message for mankind and its challenge to our own souls, could take or ask too much of our time! This, precisely, is my thesis. I believe that the Church takes too much of the time of the average worker and congregation, judged by the quality of its program and the values which it gives to the people who attend its services.

Take, for example, the young people. You say at once that we need not worry about taking their time, for they would go somewhere else every night if the Church did not request their time and services. This, however, is not the point. The *Survey* recently published a startling article which exposed the way by which many theaters, competing with each other to keep up attendance at their performances, have instituted Popularity Nights, Children's Nights, Amateur Performers' Nights, and what not. As the writer remarked, people like to watch children perform, and crowds storm the theaters. Soon children of six to twelve years become hardened to the ways of a theatrical performer, and make the rounds of such theaters until late at night. What kind of an education, and what kind of training for life, can they have when they follow such a schedule?

In their field I have known churches to offend to an equally reprehensible extent. Within the range of recent acquaintanceship I have many young people who are liberal-minded, intelligent, keenly alive to all the problems of life, and anxious to find the real treasures in a religious interpretation of life. They have thus approached the Church for help. Instead of being satisfied intellectually and spiritually, these young people have been whirled into the vortex of tremendous organized activity within the church. They were expected to attend all regular meetings, stay after them and talk, serve on committees (doing work for them and attending committee meetings), teach in the Sunday school or take a leading part in a young people's society, help the canvass-

ing committee in securing support from other young people, and sometimes look after the publicity and the arrangements for young people's entertainments. Many of these young people are in school or college or hard at work in business or in some profession and hoping for advancement. They have not the money for all these meetings. If they work they are invariably tired, or they

ought to give this time to recreation, rest, or reading; if they are in college they ought to be studying or tending to some supplementary work. Yet the Church asks for all this time — and gives them what?

The Church often shows the most astounding lack of understanding in the case of college students. Many people think that these young people have little to do — much less, of course, than they themselves have! They feel perfectly at liberty to demand service or attendance from young people on any evening — especially Fridays and Saturdays, when they suppose that these college students are

more than usually carefree. What young people could submit to this program, even if they would? This may not be typical of the majority of churches, but I know that it is typical of many of them. The Church must minister to the young people, but it must be quick about it. Aside from politics, the Church is by far the leading waster of our time today. Nine-tenths of these myriads of meetings and services held by a thousand different church organizations (and written up in news reports as "inspiring," and succulently called "uplifting" by the dispersing audiences) are, after all the pretense and ballyhoo are lopped off, sheer waste of time. No organization within civilized society today is trying to run, under one roof, so many societies whose purposes and efforts are so utterly unco-ordinated, as is the Church.

Church progress today is too often measured by the number of times the minister or someone else connected with a church becomes "news," by how many meetings are held, and by how much

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To enter the field of controversy, is not the work of the Expositor. We gladly leave the discussion of that endless chain of more or less important ecclesiastical problems to others and turn our thought toward the more practical and helpful side of the pastor's duties. Occasionally we are led to submit ably thought out and as ably written manuscripts, upon the subject of which there may be room for debate. The following article, because of its appearance in the Expositor, need not be accepted as our belief on the question. It is nevertheless presented as a thought stimulator on a question which arises with more frequency in the mind of the layman than it does in the mind of the clergy. The wise pastor knows what his members are thinking about their church. If by a judicious and worthy use of time, a more effective work for the Kingdom may be done, this article, by Richard K. Morton, will justify itself on the grounds of presenting a question of church management, often overlooked by the energetic and active pastor. — J.M.R.

EDITORIAL

THE RESURRECTION

It is still February, late February, as I write this. Yet it seems like April. Warm, balmy breezes blow, the ground oozes underfoot. A day or two of warming sun and it will be fairly ripe for the Spring cry of "knuckle down tight."

I study my early blooming shrubbery and find tiny suggestions of green tipped buds peeking out timidly from their hard, protective winter shells. I dig around in the clammy mire in an empty lily pool for signs of new-life green and find the barest suggestion.

The lawn-mower, from where it has hung over winter on the garage wall invites and the heavy hung mattock whose rough handle has been smoothed sliding through calloused hands I have lived to boast of, seems restless to be up and doing.

It is still winter. Spring has not come. Yet everywhere I see early indications of that new and joyful life which shall soon be all about us.

No one has told me Spring is coming. I know it. I have seen it come. I have seen the browns of winter death live into green. I have seen Nature at work with her brush and pot of verdant pigment, before. After death comes life. We see it annually.

I know some will say, but what appears to be winter death is not indeed death at all. It is one stage of life. Your simile is not fair.

Yet, I maintain that it is not death to die, and that in this change of Nature, even now starting, we see an indication of that greater resurrection to life. How happy it is that Easter, with its story of victory over death, comes when all Nature is in the resurrection process, when all living things take on new joys and beauties of life.

Don't hesitate to point to the drab, dry bulb, you have placed in the ground and which now, as you read, adorns the Easter altar with all its new found purity and charm, for nowhere may you seek for a more fitting illustration with which to liken the resurrection of the dead, the heart not alone of the Easter story, but the very life and soul of all Christian hope and faith.

JmR

WHO'S TO SAY?

"I tell you, Ramsey," he had said, most emphatically, "there are only thirty-eight Christians in that whole congregation."

He had been in the plumbing profession, which may shed some light on the ease with which he handled figures. Unlike many a plumber, he evidenced no inclination to pad the figures. But with his taking up college work and those years in the seminary which followed, he had left his old profession for a new. He was no longer counting the hours spent on a task, or the gaskets and fittings needed on a job, he was counting the Christians found in a certain prominent congregation and arriving at a specific and concrete number. There were thirty-eight, all told.

I am frequently astounded at an increasing carelessness in our use of the word Christian in its application to men and women. "So and so is a Christian." "His brother is not a Christian." Especially are we tempted to create two classes for church members. Those whom we label Christian. Those whom we say are not Christian.

Of course church membership means nothing as indication of one's Christianity. Church membership is no sign or seal of an inner Christian character or life, and while it is true that there are both in all congregations, I search in vain for my authority to group my church members in either one or the other class. That is not my job. There is One more able to judge righteously than I.

We do well to bear in mind the fact that Christian or un-Christian, all men are in direct need of Christianity. We can ill afford the time it must take to form a judgment on this point, if that judgment is to even approximate a just and fair one. Our responsibility is not that of assuming Divine prerogatives which are not ours, but of making the Gospel story so attractive and so vital in the lives of men that such a classification as we dwell upon will care for itself.

We do well to leave to Another, all judgment of the love of our fellow-beings, for Him and for his kingdom.

JmR

THERE SHALL BE JOY

I sojourned in a distant city, while giving the students of a seminary a few suggestive ideas concerning the psychology of Church Advertising. After the lecture, one day, I made my way over familiar paths of days long gone, but not forgotten, to the home of a dear friend of a dear mother, also gone.

Unannounced, I stood before her door, after having pushed the bell button, stood and smiled down on the sweet face before me, a face these passing years have not left untouched by that charm they alone can bestow.

I spoke no word, waiting some form of that recognition which I knew must come, even though I half expected, tardily, for the years since I stood before her have been many.

She smiled from around the half opened door, evidently expecting me to make known the nature of my mission. Still I spoke no word, simply waited. A look of mild perplexity and uncertainty at so unusual an approach, flashed across her dear face. The old twinkle of eye was there, the smiling lips, so permanently molded by years of smiles, smiled as I had seen them countless times.

I moved a step ahead, where the light from the window might fall directly on my face, which no doubt had changed also since she last looked upon it. For a moment we stood facing each other, silently, then with half an exclamation, half a sob, she stepped toward me and I was

wrapped tightly within a pair of motherly and strong arms.

For twenty minutes or so we sat there on the davenport where the midafternoon sun poured in through the windows, and let our hearts gently lead us back over intervening years to those blessed days of happiness and joyful associations, of which a ruthless Time with his keen edged blade, has left us no more than fond memories.

I can think of little, with which a tomorrow can provide us, which is more charming to dwell upon, than an eternal and unbroken reunion with loved ones now gone, an everlasting and unbroken friendship and association with them we hold dear, and as I took my leave from my sainted mother's dearest friend, I inwardly prayed that her joy and gladness in my return and her eager arms encircling me, might be in some slight way but a reflection of that joyful welcome the Shepherd will make known to us, in the return of a wandering sheep.

JmR

MITTENED METHODS

For an hour or so there had been an intermittent series of mild and muffled explosions. My window, overlooking the roof four or five floors below, had been open. The sound found me, while I was engrossed upon *Expositor* duties I could ill-afford to set aside. Yet the continued poppings outside finally roused my curiosity to the point where I stepped from my desk to the window, to learn the reason for the noise.

Below, on the next building has been reared a large electric lighted sign. While hanging on to the sign as best he could, with the biting winter winds howling and whistling around him, a workman was on the job of removing burnt-out lights and replacing new ones. He was heavily bundled against the elements. A coarse coat, over a high-collared sweater, was drawn about the waist and held by a knotted rope. The rough fur hat was pulled far down, exposing only a bit of the upper part of his face. The sweater collar and a wool scarf covered the lower part. Over his hands were drawn big, cumbersome mittens, hardly of a type of hand-covering contemplated by the manufacturers of electric lights.

Over his shoulder hung a canvas bag, the distinct knobiness of its countless bulges left no room for question as to its contents. It was full of new electric light globes. Down into this bag, a heavily mittened hand would go, while the other clung to the cold iron frame of the sign. Occasionally there would be a muffled report inside the bag as the awkward hand fumbled about trying to grasp a globe. Other times there were, and plenty, when the mitten came out of the bag grasping, insecurely, a globe, only to have it slip, drop to the roof below with a bang. Then it would plunge again into the bag for another.

So the foolish procedure went on. Never once did the workman remove a mitten. Never did he think of the saving in globes that would effect, if one might judge by his actions. His concern was not in doing the job well, for his employer.

His concern was for the warmth and comfort of his hands. Head and hand alike seemed dumb and senseless, to the onlooker. The waste continued.

There are some jobs where mittens are a positive asset, where no lightness of touch, no finer sensibility is needed, where no certain hold is essential. It has never appeared to me that the work of handling delicately constructed lamp bulbs or human hearts, as delicately shaped, was a job for bungling and mittened hands, and my suggestion to the worker on electric signs and human lives alike, is that cumbersome awkward mitts be pulled off. Your hands may get cold for the moment, but certainly that eventual light which must shine because of your work, will shine with less waste and loss and you will then know, if not now, the indescribable warmth which comes to the soul of that one who sees his job well done.

Take off your gloves. Go after your job bare-handed. The church is no place for mittened methods.

JmR

"BRING ME A CITY"

The roar of the gasoline torch still sounds in my ears. The heavy, yet unmistakable odor of hot paraffin clings to my nostrils. I am once more a curious youngster, drawn by the skilled operation of the telephone linemen at work laying a heavy cable in an underground conduit, another artery of human life and progress. Perhaps I was also drawn by the hope of finding short ends of carefully wound copper wire, dropped before my hungering eyes as crumbs from the linesman's table. Those wires had uses innumerable and no doubt still have in the boy program.

At any rate, on the property next to our building, has been reared a beautiful, modern office building of twenty some stories which is owned and occupied by this same company which furnished me, as a boy, with a varied assortment of wire clippings, solder drops and the like. Not long since, there appeared in one of the display windows of the Bell Telephone Building a large painting, lighted indirectly and effectively from the sides and top of the window.

In the lower left-hand corner, the head and shoulders of a man, with a phone raised to his his mouth with one hand and the receiver to his ear with the other. Into the phone he has just said, "*Bring me a city.*"

While he yet speaks, there appears over the horizon a gigantic figure, a telephone linesman. A heavy circlet of coiled wire hangs from his shoulder. His pliers project from the convenient pocket in his overalls and as though upon a huge platter, he carries before him in his hands the city asked for. Towers rise, church towers. Skyscrapers rear their bold forms from among the horde of lesser ambitious buildings, and look down upon that which makes a modern, thriving city.

Of course the picture is advertising, of the finer sort. But it is more than that. For me it has been and is a sermon. I have often stopped to study

it more. Here is that same genial fellow who used to toss me the bits of copper wire as his husky shears nipped them off. Here is that same fellow whose climbing irons clanked as he walked from one pole to another and convinced me that "Oh, for the wings of a dove" was alright for Sunday meditation, but "Oh, for the climbing irons of a linesman" was better for the other six days of the week.

Here is that fellow I used to eye, enviously, as he leaned back from his insecure perch on the top of the pole, trusting in his safety belt, as he served his fellowmen, making it possible for us to call for a city and get it. He has given us the physician in emergency moments. He has given us protection from fire and theft, he has given the little grey-haired mother on one side of the continent, her son on the other, for a few moments of vocal contact. He has given us a city in very truth. He has given us that person or that place for which we have called. Alladin with his lamp could do no more.

As I move again from the picture, turn my back on its charm for me, and burrow away into the raw, biting March winds that blow, my mind runs back to the smell of tallow and the name of the little lassie who lived across the street, which had been laboriously formed of waste ends of copper wire and I see that jovial linesman, a servant of humanity, reaching out that we may have the city for which we have asked. Again I am reminded that we too are linesmen, laboring that when we hear the call, "Oh bring me a city" we may be ready to offer a city, the eternal city of the most high God.

JmR

PAGE DIOGENES

Numerous kindly ones have spoken to me about my story of the wirey, little fire-warden of distant Gaspe hills, he who traveled over unmarked mountain-trails for better than 20 miles to bring me a little silver gift trinket which I had unfortunately lost, while picking my way along an uncharted river.

For me, the incident was so unusual a display of downright honesty that I have never tired of telling it. Yet, in that telling, I may have conveyed an erroneous impression which I stop now to correct. It is not necessary to go to such distant parts to find that happy soul sought out by Diogenes.

I had stood shivering, at midnight, shivering in a downpour of mid-February rain, on a little Wisconsin Junction platform where the Pioneer Limited, on its way northward had been wired to stop for me. The heavy rain cut diagonal stabbings through the bright headlight-beam as the brakes cried in dripping protest. I lost no time in getting into the dry warmth and comfort of my car. Save for several lights along the aisle, floor level, the car was dark. Deep methodical breathing behind numerous heavy, green-curtain folds, with the occasional snore of a restless sleeper, was the only indication that I was not the only passenger.

All had long since turned in for the night, save the crew. I alone of the occupants of the car was up, if not for long. I sat for a moment in a warm corner of the lounging room and studied the time-table, refreshed myself for the night and then sought my inviting bed. Shortly, I had crawled in between two comfy blankets and as is my wont, when on night travel, I propped the two pillows back of my head, turned out the light, raised the window shade and looked out into the cold, clammy night that whirled smoothly by outside.

A stray light, piercing its way through the driving rain, from off across a meadowland, at that hour, gave rise to many imaginings in my mind. Was it sickness in the farm home? Late visitors? Sleeplessness? What might it not be? Now and then we would flash through a little village where the dripping street lights alone, blinked at us as we scurried along, leaving the warning bell dying out in the distance. Once in a while the flash of a beacon, directing the night air mail fliers, and I pulled the blankets higher at the thought.

Drowsiness came tardily. I drew the shade, pulled one of the pillows from under my head and turned over with a yawn. Sleep had just about claimed me when I was roused by a hand on my shoulder and a soft southern voice asking, "Are you the gentleman who lost this in the wash room?" I turned on the light and there in the extended palm of the porter's hand lay my little silver keepsake. It would have served faithfully either the warden or the porter, as it has served me, yet it has been returned, when lost, a second time, and with each return has come an increase in my faith and my love for my fellow-beings. We are not half as dark as we are sometimes painted.

JmR

THE NEW SKY PILOT

Webster defines a Sky Pilot as "a ship's chaplain or any other minister." After the definition, in italics the word, "slang."

Slang, it may have been all these years, but as slang it is about to be challenged, if what a friend of yesteryear tells me is his dream, comes true.

I sat in his office-study recently. On the wall hung a large map of a tremendous section of the great Northwest, one of marvellous sweep, of untold wealth, scenic grandeur and variety. Over this magnificent field my friend watches, in it he labors, for he is honored with the highest office office his church can bestow and these great reaches included by the wall map, lie, all within his super-parish.

As we sat and talked, mostly of days that lie far behind, between phone calls he did sketch in merest outline, some of the difficulties and the barriers which stand in the way of his filling his office, meeting his responsibility in that efficient manner which for him can be the only one to satisfy.

Naturally enough, the chief obstacle is distance. He pointed to one far mission in his territory

Two days and nights it takes to get there. From that far corner to another corner, where he must go it takes even longer. He does not waste the time he spends on the trains, but he does feel that that time could be put to better advantage for his Lord and his church were it possible to cut it down.

Nor is he one to ask a question for which he himself has no answer. The answer in this case is an Airplane, a Church plane, in which he may cover his field more expeditiously.

I smiled at the idea, as I sat in his study. Yet as I think on it more, why should I? Why should anyone? It may be a trifle unusual, this new idea in Sky Piloting. Yet someone must start it, for it is bound to come, and I take off my hat to the hardy pioneer who is willing to accept the hazzard that he may blaze the way for those who follow.

I see the Sky Pilot coming to his own. I see an answer for our wish, "O, for the wings of a dove." I see the coming preacher taking flights other than those of fancy from his Sunday pulpit. I see an increase in zeal to "be about my Father's business." I shall welcome the news of a real Sky Pilot in the Northwest. His further pioneering will bring us both, joy.

J. M. R.

Preachers and Preaching

THREE RULES FOR MINISTERS

Bishop Edward Rondthaler, head of the Moravian Church in the South, is one of the best loved and most honored men in North Carolina. He lives on the Salem side of Winston-Salem, where the Moravians have a strong Church and a splendid college for women. From what I have seen of the Moravians I have gotten the impression that there are no better people in the world.

Bishop Rondthaler has reached a ripe old age and is full of wisdom and of the spirit of Christ. The other day in addressing a ministerial association he gave these rules for ministers which struck me as containing some fine advice to those of us who are ministers. First of all he advised ministers to preach to the individual rather than to the group. The more you think of that rule the more suggestive does it become. The expert hunter does not aim at the covey in general, but singles out the individual bird. The soul-winner must not think of people as a mass of humanity, but as individual souls.

But I wish that somebody would tell us how to acquire this coveted art. I heard Mr. Moody preach once. As I think back over the years and rehearse his sermon, which was on Repentance, I have an idea that he left the impression that he was talking to each one of us individually, for the reason that he stood up and talked to us earnestly in a perfectly straight-forward manner and in a conversational tone. He had never studied the art of public speaking. He had something to say, a burning message which was coming directly from his own heart, and he said

it in the simplest, most direct way, of which he was capable.

Bishop Rondthaler's second rule was this: "We ministers must cease making a joke, as we sometimes do, out of a marriage occasion. Too many take it now as only a social contract, when it should be held as God's institution. Although it may mean a loss of a few dollars for our wife's housekeeping account, we should be careful to marry only those whom we ought to marry."

In that paragraph the Bishop placed his finger upon a very weak point in our marriage customs. The Roman Catholics make a sacrament of marriage and regard it with the greatest reverence. Protestants deny that it is a sacrament and in doing so have swung to an opposite extreme. In many cases there is very little reverence connected with our marriages. The minister says a few solemn words and offers a prayer, and that is the only suggestion of the Christian religion connected with many of our marriages. Dr. Stetson, rector of old Trinity Episcopal Church in New York City, was right when he said not long ago that many of our church weddings are vulgar and pagan. In this connection he described accurately what he often sees with his own eyes. Here is a part of his description: "The church is turned over to a florist, who does his best to take away every appearance of the holy place from the sanctuary and to advertise the wealth of the contracting parties. Often one hears of weddings where orchestras are engaged to entertain the spectators, and crowds gather in the streets to catch a glimpse of the bride, of whom they know nothing except that she is rich. There is no excuse for the use of the Church for such display."

In this way and in many other ways we make a joke of marriage. As a result our young people too often think of marriage as a mere joke or as an adventure. As a result of that we are now having 180,000 divorces annually in the United States. Bishop Rondthaler is right when he says that our ministers and our churches ought to do all that is in their power to make our marriage occasions more Christian.

The third rule that Bishop Rondthaler gives to ministers is that they should do more to make our homes and the homes of our parishioners Christian. Again he has put his finger upon a very weak place in our church life and our national life. We can never make our churches more Christian, until we make our homes more Christian.

Again we could wish that the bishop or some one else would tell us how to do this. Perhaps a return to the good old-fashioned pastoral visit would help a great deal. A house-going preacher not only makes a church-going people, but, if he makes the right kind of a visit, he leaves a blessing in every home that he goes into. But again we are confronted with the problem of how the pastor of a church with a thousand or two thousand members can do all the work of the church and go into the homes too. It is impossible for him to do it single-handed. It can be done only where

there is a thoroughly organized staff of workers to assist the pastor. Even then we are confronted with another problem. How can people be kept at home long enough for the minister to pay them a pastoral visit? We can only say that love will find a way, if we set our hearts upon the accomplishment of this great task. Whatever the methods, we all know that the minister and the Churches need to do all that is within their power to make our homes more Christian.—*Walter L. Lingle, in The Presbyterian of the South.*

THE OFFICE OF THE MINISTRY

This is one of the supplemental topics for the prayer meetings for 1928. It is a good subject. No finer and no higher title can be given to a man than "Minister." I'd rather be a good minister of Jesus Christ than to be the president of the United States, I can wish for my sons, no higher and holier calling than that of a good minister.

Let every young man and woman who is planning to enter Christian service study Matthew 9:37; 1 Timothy 4:6; 2 Timothy 2:15.

Why this falling off of ministers? One time it was the ambition of parents to see their sons enter the ministry. Today they discourage it. Too many want their sons to become wealthy. They train them for the political and the business world.

A congregation of Christians has not done its duty until it has sent forth one or more ministers of the gospel.

We must have educated preachers if we are to save this generation. Think of a man claiming to be called of God to preach, giving a lecture to a congregation on the eldership and explaining—"not lovers of filthy lucre," and saying: "This means we are not to tell dirty jokes." I heard a man who professed to have been an educated man; he boasted of it, and then announced his subject: "The Seven Pints of Jestication." The preachers should know how to pronounce common words in the English language. There was a time when the ignorant preacher could put it over, but not today. We live in an age of books and the average congregation is composed of educated people.

The priests were able to do a good job when they marched around Jericho. We have some today who can trace their succession back to that day, when each fellow blew his own horn, but this is not the day of bluff. The minister must be able to teach if he desires to hold his people. Most of the pioneers, while not college men, were really educated men, much better than some who today hold diplomas and who have letters before and after their names. A degree that is added, one that is put on, and not the evolution of hard study and self-investment will add nothing to the minister's storehouse of knowledge. Today it is standardization: too much stuffing and not enough assimilation.

The minister should have experience. To get it he must labor in hard places where he gets lessons in the school of hard knocks. Too many want to graduate from college and then step into a pulpit, that pays \$3,000 per year.—*W. H. Book, in The Christian-Evangelist.*

The Bulletin Board

Man must go. It is not a question whether we will go or not go; that is determined for us—We must go. The only question is *how*? Man may go either *with* God or *without* him.—*Joseph Parker.*

As a day of worship, Sunday should also be a delight to every man of good conscience and good judgment.

Natural law is only a process, not a power. It is simply the fixed method of God's action.—*Lionel Beale.*

Self-evident truths are self-revelations of God to man.

He who sees the *vision* and goes on his way is worse than he who never has seen the vision.

Every *vision* is not only a call to action but a promise that we shall attain as we strive.

Only a great soul can give itself up to a cause with such abandon that even the dignity of personal honors is laid aside.—*Robert Norwood.*

Man stands between two worlds, the visible and the invisible. This visible world is the scene of our training for spiritual life.—*Robert Norwood.*

Energy is consecrated by devotion to *truth*.—S. To the Godless, Salvation means *Transportation*. To the sanctified, Salvation means *Transformation*.—W.

The higher the service we seek to render, the more are we haunted by the sense of failure.—*George Morrison.*

Often when we fail, we are succeeding. We are doing more than we dreamed.—R.

Our Lord does not call us to an *untroubled* life. His own life was far from that.—M.

God deals with us upon the scale of *one*; not on the scale of thousands.—R.

Faith in Christ will bring you a friend in the darkest mile.

We are apt to think that *special* service is only given by special people!

Only great and special deeds make known great characters.

There is something the world *needs*, which only you can supply.

A man may lead a mean and rotten life, and win the praise of men. The test is, "Does it win the praise of Christ?"

The *flesh* is ever limiting; the *spirit* alone is free! Achievement is limited by the flesh, and fails. Ambition is of the spirit alone, and is magnificent.—*Sloan.*

A philosophy that does not solve death can interest only shallow men.

Science has a great but limited sphere; its findings rest upon its use of observed facts.—S.

The Tomb of Jesus was *empty* on the morning of the third day. This is the strongest possible witness of future life.—W.

One after another the apostles of Jesus gave their lives joyously and exultantly in witnessing His teaching.

The Creed of the Christian Church is the song of Victory.

It takes more credulity to believe the critical case against the Resurrection of Jesus than it does faith to believe the Apostles.—*Sloan.*

Methods of Church Work

Plans and Ideas Used by Active Pastors.
They may be Adapted for Use in any Parish.

MAKING EASTER SIGNIFICANT

Rev. Fred Smith

In the church of which I have been pastor now for almost four years, Easter is coming to have a growing significance. What gives it this developing meaning may not be possible, in all respects, in every community. Yet I am persuaded that an account of our methods and plans will be helpful to many ministers and churches.

Of the value of a well-chosen program for that day it is superfluous to speak. One need but consult the advertising portion of this magazine to secure a rich result in this respect. But with the program of the day there should be developed a sense of power. The anniversary of our Saviour's resurrection should also spell resurgence of spiritual life to the member of the church today. Many factors can be made to contribute to this end. Not the least of which is that of "atmosphere." We need on this day, not only to know the truth, but also to triumph in it.

To this achievement have we come in our church by adding custom to custom. One of these is the appropriate use of effective symbolism. Two years ago we had a large wooden cross made, which stands about six feet high. The first year we used it only on Easter Sunday. But last year, on the Sunday preceding Easter Sunday, we had it placed to the side of the pulpit platform; not too centrally situated. Draped in black it was a silent and somber reminder of the dark fact of the crucifixion. Before the service the following Sunday this had all been changed. That which then spoke of the sin of man now spoke to us of the love of God. Here comes in the felicitous touch of an understanding woman. Had I had the task of draping the cross I would naturally have used white muslin only. Not so the woman to whom I gave the task. She first wrapped the cross in yellow muslin, over which she then wrapped white, until the tone of the yellow mingled with the white as to give at once a sense of warmth and of purity. Then, with that final touch which makes perfection, she placed a spray of the flower known as "the bleeding heart" athwart the cross. That was symbolism that was sermonic.

In addition to this we have now the custom of making the Day of Resurrection also a day of remembrance. All who care are asked to bring Easter lilies, or some other floral offering in memory of those who, having served their day and generation, are now asleep in Christ. These offerings, which are many, are then arranged around the foot of the cross. When the services of the day are ended it becomes the privilege of the Young

People's Society to take the plants and flowers to the sick and the shut-ins.

Another factor of importance to us is our Good Friday service. Before we began this custom I fear that to many of our people "Good Friday" had little, if any, religious significance. I have met people to whom it was remembered only as a suitable day whereon to plant potatoes! Increasingly I notice that many pastors are using the period of Lent as a time of preparation for the Easter celebration. Here, by a happy circumstance we have been able to give a special emphasis to the fact of Easter. Happening to get acquainted with the Episcopal rector of our city, he one day made the suggestion that it may be a fruitful experiment for us to have a union service on Good Friday, from twelve to three, commemorative of the death of Christ. The result is that we are looking forward to this significant service again for this year. This will be our fourth service together. Last year the German Evangelical Church of the city came in with us. The service has come to have a wider influence than that of being helpful only to the participating churches. Many people, whose churches do not observe the day in any special manner, come to whole or part of the service.

Finally, to all of our friends and members there is sent out each year a special Easter message. By the cumulative power of these things do we make Easter significantly spiritual in our fellowship.

DRAMATIZED LESSONS FROM THE GOSPELS

Pastors frequently write *The Expositor* for suggestions on material for group work. Pantomimes, dialogues and drama come under this head.

Four books have recently come from the press which should be of help to any minister, Sunday School group or church organization who desire to vary the regular program. Every church library should have the books on their shelves. They are not expensive, and one idea taken from them may revolutionize the spirit of your congregation.

Books

Old Time Church Drama Adapted

Phillips Endecott Osgood

The first chapter is devoted to a discussion of the history and value of the religious drama. The second chapter has four dramatic services worked out in detail.

1. The Feast of Lights.
2. The Burial of the Alleluia, also the Burning of the Palms. (For the Beginning of Lent.)
3. The Boy Bishop, also the Tollite Portas. (For Palm Sunday, Ascension, etc.)

4. The Quem Quaeritis. (For Easter.)

The third chapter has a number of developed religious dramas, including Abraham and Isaac; The Nativity Cycle; the Annunciation Through to the Adoration of the Three Kings; also a morality play, "The Summoning of Everyman."

The fourth chapter is Oratorios to be used as Sung Miracle Plays.

The book was published by Harper & Brothers, \$1.75.

The Sinner Beloved

Phillips Endecott Osgood

The first chapter tells us all about the mechanical needs for successful religious drama work. The author tells you what is meant by "The Acted Sermon," how to build a drama group, how to conduct rehearsals.

The second chapter is devoted to "Plays for the Parish House or Out of Doors."

The third chapter is Miracle and Morality Plays for Use in Church. There are some for the children, some for young people, and some for adults.

The book was published by Harper & Brothers, \$1.75.

Narrative Dialogues From the Bible

Alfred Clegg

This book was built on the idea that Bible Stories have a new meaning when young people can represent the actual characters therein.

The book is indexed in three ways, Subject, Topical and Biblical. Among the one hundred and eleven dialogue stories will be found the usual Sunday School Bible Story, and some for all the special days in the church year.

The book was published by Doubleday, Doran & Company. \$2.00.

Jesus, A Passion Play

Max Ehrmann

In this book the persons who founded Christianity are represented as simple, real, ardent Orientals in the throes of a great and impending tragedy.

Act I. The Cleansing of the Temple.

Act II. Disputations in the Temple.

Act III. Gethsemane.

Act IV. The Trial Before Pilate.

Act V. The Resurrection.

This book was published by Baker & Taylor. \$1.00.—W. S. R.

AN EASTER SUNRISE FLOWER SERVICE

"Consider the Lilies"

Rev. Lewis Keast

With many churches and particularly among the young people of the churches, the Easter "Sunrise Service" is not only popular, but very helpful. This service is different in that it is an informal, united "morning watch." The chief characteristics of this service will be praise and prayer, and Easter calls for both.

The aim of this service is not to get a large crowd, but to make it a means of consecration to all who would learn to live anew the "victorious life." Divide the work of preparation into three parts: Ask the choir leader to provide for the singing; the Sunday School superintendent the

devotionals; and the president of the Young People's Society the chairman.

Your pastor will be glad to give a talk of ten minutes on: "The Lily." Let this be the symbol of our Saviour. He is the Lily of the Valley. Here we have a wonderful object lesson. What are some of the lessons that the "Lily" would teach us?

God takes care of the lilies.

The lilies are pure.

They teach us humility—grow in the valleys.

Their fragrance—Christian influence.

In front of a certain house there was a beautiful flower garden. One evening a hail-storm reduced the garden to ruin. But when the folks opened the door and peeped out into the darkness they found that the atmosphere was laden with the sweet perfume of the flowers which they gave forth when crushed and broken by the storm. In the valleys and mountains of God we may find the fragrance of holy communion.

This service should be an intensive service, remembering that it is Easter Day. Forty-five minutes would be long enough. Get a great number to take part through brief sentence prayers or testimonies.

Program**An Easter Sunrise Flower Service**

Song service:

"Alas and Did My Saviour Bleed."

"Joy to the World the Lord Is Come."

Sentence Prayers—standing.

Solo: "In the Garden."

Scripture Verse—from memory.

Hymn: "Jesus the Very Thought of Thee."

Object Lesson: The Lily.

Duet:

"By cool Siloam's shady rill

How fair the lily grows!

How sweet the breath beneath the hill,

Of Sharon's dewy rose."

Prayer of Consecration.

At the close of this morning hour we ought to be able to say: "Did not our hearts burn within as He talked to us by the way?" Shall we not pray the prayer of Paul: "Oh that I might know Him and the power of His resurrection!"

RECEIVING NEW MEMBERS

We have worked out a very successful method for obtaining new church members. Each class in our Sunday School and every organization and society of the church secured one or more persons to unite with the church at a special membership service. At this service the classes, organizations and societies sat with their new members in a reserved section of the auditorium, and at given times accompanied them to the front where the reception took place. There was a special membership program followed by a dinner in honor of the new members.

This plan demonstrated in a well established rural church may be applied to churches everywhere.—*Marcus L. Bach, Pastor First Reformed Church, Fairview, Kansas.*

ATTENDANCE STIMULATOR

This card is our Attendance Stimulator; 5 punches a week are possible, or 40 points; 100 per cent attendance secures first prize; 75 per cent secures next prize; etc. We expect this to be a big challenge to our young people and children, and will write you of results after Easter.—*Edward Louis Jeambey, Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Deep River, Iowa.*

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First Presbyterian Church
Deep River, Iowa
Young People's and Children's Church
Attendance Stimulator
Get a punch for Sunday School,
Church services, Prayer meeting,
Young People's Meeting, etc., and
earn rewards by Easter.
Name

PREACHED UNDER CROSS

Beneath an illuminated cross an Easter service was conducted at the Fruitvale Christian church, Oakland.

Rev. Galen Lee Rose spoke on "The Way of the Burning Heart."

At the morning hour the chorus choir presented a musical program and the pastor spoke on "The Power of His Resurrection."

Suggestive Easter Programs

MESSIAH SUNG AT CHURCH

"The Messiah" was sung by the chorus of the Welsh Presbyterian Church, Oakland, Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

The morning hour was given over to the children.

CHURCH TO GIVE CANTATA

Julian Edwards' cantata, "The Lord of Light and Love," is the feature of the Easter evening service at the First M. E. Church, Oakland.

The cantata was arranged under the direction of the organist and musical director, assisted by the solo quartet. A choir of fifty voices for the chorus work in the cantata as well as to sing additional anthems, has been trained.

This cantata is one of the less familiar Easter compositions, although one of great beauty. Wherever presented it has aroused great enthusiasm. The composition contains many difficult numbers.

At the morning service Dr. Edgar Allan Lowther, the pastor, will preach on "The Easter Experience," and a special Easter musical program has been prepared for this service. The church will be decorated under the supervision of an experienced decorator.

Special vesper services at 4 o'clock for the reception of members into the church. The sacrament of baptism will also be administered.

EASTER WEEK ACTIVITIES IN LINWOOD

The Second Group Night series is being carried out on week nights. The idea is for every single

member of the church to meet in groups for dinner with the pastors and their wives. Last Monday the Official Board members and their wives met from 6:30 to 8:30—had dinner and talked over the affairs of the church. On Friday, one hundred in the "A-and-B" Group met. The plan is to go through the church list alphabetically and before the end of April have every member of the church personally invited to attend these Group Meetings. The pastors and their wives want to get better acquainted with the membership—and we want the membership to get better acquainted with the affairs of the church. When you get your invitation do not fail to come. It will be a happy social dinner and visit. Everybody who has attended one of these group meetings is enthusiastic about them.

Palm Sunday Next! What a glorious day it always is! The little children will be baptized. Please phone names to Mrs. Groves, the church secretary. Little children welcomed Jesus into Jerusalem by strewing palms and flowers along his way in the Triumphal Entry. What an appropriate time to baptize children and young people. All of those who are coming into the church on Easter and who have not been baptized please make arrangements to be baptized next Sunday morning!

Here's the Easter Program Again: Don't miss taking part in a single feature of it—for the sake of the success of the program, for the sake of the church, for the sake of your own souls:

- (1) 200 new members uniting with the church. (Hand the pastors prospective names.)
- (2) Self-Denial Offering over and above all other giving. (Make it a real sacrifice—and get a blessing.)
- (3) 1000 in the Pledge to Pray Band for Passion Week. (Every man, woman and child can do this.)
- (4) Baptism of children and youths Palm Sunday.
- (5) Every Member at Church Palm Sunday and Easter. (Make it morning and night and see what we can do.)

ONE DOLLAR!

A Word From Roger Babson

Read it in terms of our Self-Denial

- One dollar spent for a lunch lasts five hours.
- One dollar spent for a necktie lasts five weeks.
- One dollar spent for a cap lasts five months.
- One dollar spent for an automobile lasts five years.
- One dollar spent in service for God lasts for eternity.—*Courtesy of "Church Business"*
—*Duplex Envelope Co.*

One Girl Said to the Pastor Wednesday night: "I am going to give up a new hat in order to make a real Self-Denial Offering." A boy said: "I have been riding to school on the street car. I'm going to walk and give the difference in the Self-Denial." Here are some suggestions for making it a real Self-Denial Offering this Passion Week:

- (1) A day's wages given to God.

- (2) Denial of some new article of wearing apparel.
- (3) Giving up candy and theatres for two weeks.
- (4) No meat and the difference in the Self-Denial.
- (5) Giving up cigars and luxuries for week.
- (6) Do some extra work outside of working hours for this offering.
- (7) Parents: Enthuse your children over this offering. It will be a blessing to you and to them.
- (8) Set an example to your children, adults, by talking about the Self-Denial.
- (9) Make up the difference between what you have been giving the church and what you know you *ought* to give through this Self-Denial.
- (10) Remember that every cent of the Self-Denial Offering goes to our own Freeman Havighurst.
- (11) The pastor is particularly anxious for every child to have a part in this Self-Denial.
- (12) Use the envelopes and on Easter Morning march to the altar—children, youths, everybody, singing: "We're Marching to Zion" and deposit your gifts.—*Bulletin of Linwood M. E. Church, Kansas City.*

CHURCH SEEKS MEMBERS

A "membership committee of one hundred" has been appointed at the First Congregational Church for the purpose of a membership drive. Dr. Robert Elliott Brown, the pastor, is chairman.

All final reports on prospects secured will be made at the meeting in April. Easter Sunday there will be communion service and reception of members. A social reception to new members will be held under the auspices of the church and Young People's social committees.

The following groups make up the committee: Deacons, Women's League, Men's League, Church School Staff, Parents' Class, Deaconesses, Members at Large.

EASTER SERVICE

Before the memories of it are dead and gone, or at least before they become more indefinite, I want to tell you about our Easter Service this morning. We tried what to me is a new idea and it brought splendid results.

Instead of the one hour service as regular, we met a half hour early and every one was in his place at the beginning of the service. We thought there might be some restlessness before adjournment, but there was none. The first half hour we took for a communion service, making it just as impressive as we possibly could, allowing not one suggestion to creep into this part of the service but that Jesus was a sacrifice for us, and that the memory of his death is the most precious memory we have.

Immediately at the conclusion of the Communion Service we sang, "Up From the Grave He Arose" and abruptly turned the atmosphere of the whole service toward the Risen Christ. Before the sermon was half through, there were wet eyes in the congregation and the reaction was beautiful to behold. It seemed as though the realization of

what had happened was gradually coming home to our communicants, even as it has slowly forced its way into the minds and hearts of the Disciples on that first glad Easter Day.

Now, I do not know that this suggestion will be of any value to you, but thought that perhaps it might. If it is, use it. I have taken *The Expositor* ever since I entered the work of the Ministry and have found it a life-saver on more than one occasion.—Howard P. Woertendyke, Pastor, Methodist Episcopal Church, Lucas, Kansas.

MISSION STUDY

Here is a report of a mission study course we held in our church this winter. As I have never heard of just such a course and it was so very successful here I thought perhaps you might be interested to hear about it. If you think our experience is worth passing on to others, you have my permission to use this report in whatever way you think best.—R. E. Conrad, Pastor, Presbyterian Church, Freeport, Ohio.

The Report of the Mission Study at Freeport

The Presbyterian Church of Freeport, of which Rev. R. E. Conrad is pastor, has just concluded an unusually successful period of Mission Study. The church is situated in a village of 700 inhabitants and the church has approximately 240 members. The class was held on Wednesday evening at the Prayer Meeting hour and continued for eight weeks.

On the first night there were 22 present; on the last night 157. The average attendance for the eight weeks was 113. The large attendance and continued interest was due to a Red and Blue attendance contest. Much credit is due to the captains for the enthusiasm put into the work; 222 different people were enrolled in the course. The total attendance for the eight nights was 894. The blues won by the narrow margin of 18 points.

The text book used was "New Days in Latin America." On Wednesday evenings the entire group was taught by the pastor. In addition to the Wednesday night meeting, each group had a "Reading Circle" in one of the homes nearly every week at which the text book was read and discussed as a preparation for the Wednesday evening meeting. These meetings eliminated the necessity of purchasing many text books and also provided a number of good social evenings for the young people. A combination of the lecture and question method was used at the Wednesday night meeting.

The last night was given over to a thorough review of the book in the form of an old-fashioned "Spelling Down." Chosen representatives from each side took their places at either side of the church and took turns in answering the questions. The answers given showed a commendable knowledge of the countries studied.

The losing side will give a program at the Sabbath evening church service in the near future. People here have been much pleased with this course and this account has been written in the hope that it may be helpful to many other churches in solving the mission study question.

For Your Printed Bulletin

THE MESSAGE OF EASTER

Today, the gloom of Good Friday gives way to the joyful sound of the Hallelujah. "Rejoice and be glad, for this is the day the Lord hath made" is the greeting we receive this morning. From the tomb comes the glad tidings, "He is risen, He is not here. Behold the place where they laid Him."

The great event of the first Easter morn is the Christian's source of joy. By the stupendous fact of the Resurrection, God has given a divine character to man's faith and hopes. By this crowning miracle unmistakable evidence is given to the world that the words and works of Jesus Christ are not the mere wisdom of some human sage, nor the sayings of a great philosopher, nor the dreams of an inspired poet, but the words and works of God.

In the divine authority that the Resurrection gives to the truths that form the basis of our religious life, and in the certainty with which it confirms the fondest hopes of man, are found the Christian's reason for joy on Easter Day.—*Rev. E. P. Dempsey.*

A VICTORIOUS LIFE

Weepah and its gold was found by an outcrop. Human life outcrops at times in singular heroisms, in evidences of invincible courage. The apostle Paul is evidence of what a victorious attitude can do. The secret of his conquering life outcrops in this Scripture, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

I would rather possess his attitude than anything the world can give me. And there is nothing which I can give the world which means so much as the victorious attitude to life. Anyone can live the victorious life who will follow the pattern laid down in Jesus Christ. If you are playing a fair game and a square game in life it is your business to take on the spirit of a winner. A life built on integrity, honesty, justice and truth has the resources of a victorious life. That man is invincible who believes in the invincibility of these qualities. He has lined up with Lincoln. He is a four-square soul because of these four virtues. The defeats of life only come from the things which defeat the purposes of integrity, honesty, justice and truth.

Anyone can live a victorious life who is prompted to the kind things, who responds to the fine things in life. The worth while things in life are the deeds of kindness done, the finer attitudes of mind and heart which we cherish. When one is superior to the unkind things and insensitive to their possible intent, one wears an armor, the armor of a son of God, a conqueror through Christ. When one is unmoved by the unfair thing one proves the serenity of a possessed spirit. You will always be misjudged. Need you succumb? If you do perhaps it's true! If it isn't, act so. Walk through life as Paul did, saying, "None of these things move me."—*Rev. Bernard C. Ruggles.*

A BEATITUDE OF THE CHURCH BEAUTIFUL

Blessed is the Church!

For it shall be called the Haven of Hope
Which opens wide its doors and offers shelter to all;
Whose stones are symbols of its Strength and Beauty;

Whose arches are symbols of its everlasting Span
of Service;

Whose altars are symbols of its Fires of Faith;
Blessed is the Church.

For it is the secret place of Life's spiritual treasures;
For it is the Confessional for Life's Trouble;
It is the shrine of little children, Youth, old Age
Who have sung for untold years: "I was glad when
they said unto me:

'Come let us go up unto the House of the Lord!'"
Blessed is the Changeless Church,
For its memories are Rich and Beautiful;
Memories of Baptisms, Weddings; Friendships
with man and God!—*William L. Stidger.*

AN EASTER PRAYER

Luke 24:29. "And they constrained him, saying, Abide with us."

"At Sabbath's close, as it began to dawn"—
The story sweet comes to our hearts today.
O, to have seen, and known, and loved, as they
Who sought the Master on that blessed morn!

Those tender pictures of His life on earth,
They rise before us, ah! so vividly.
We see Him teaching, healing, by the sea,
Through fields, in homes, beside the humble hearth.

O, happy they who heard that voice so sweet,
Who rose and followed, at His command,
Who felt the blessed guidance of His hand,
And knew the joy of learning at His feet.

Then—sweetest of all stories in the Word!—
When doubt, and fear, suspense and pain were past,
Their tear-dimmed eyes made clear by love at last,
His followers looked upon their risen Lord!

And yet—these chosen ones of long ago,
Were they indeed more richly blest than we?
We know that He is Light! Why wish to see?
And He is Love! What is there else to know?

Dear risen Christ! at this the Easter-tide,
Illumine with Thy light of love, we pray,
Our clouded vision, that we, too, may say,
"Lo! I have seen—and I am satisfied."

And as immortal hands, so long ago,
Rolled from that mortal tomb the rock away,
So may we loose the bonds of Self today,
And know "the Love that will not let us go!"
—*Mary P. Gwyn. Submitted by Wm. J. Hart, D.D.*

Advertising the Church

AN ECONOMICAL ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN FOR A SMALL CHURCH

Rev. Lee Goldsmith

The average treatise on church advertising is of little practical value for the pastor of a small church for the reason that it is too expensive for his limited budget. The same criticism may be made of many of the books of plans and methods which are on the market. This article is not intended to be a comprehensive study of the theory or practice of church advertising, but rather a few simple plans which have actually worked and have the virtue of being inexpensive.

Coming to his present charge, a church of less than two hundred members in a small town, the writer had determined to make a more aggressive bid for his constituency than had been done in the past. The church had been pastorless for several months and in that period many of its members had lost the habit of faithful attendance. The first month of the pastorate when no especial effort was made to place the program of the church before the community, the attendance, which, while gratifying to the members, averaged only about fifty or sixty people.

After several consultations with the church board and the congregation, at which time definite goals for the church year were set, it was decided to launch a definite publicity campaign to reach the lagging members and the community at large.

The following methods have been used:

1. The weekly newspaper, as do most country papers, offers space for church news. This is provided regularly, care being taken to present clean, readable copy as early in the week as possible. The work of the church, sermon topics, and general items of interest concerning the church are presented to the people. The active membership and the general constituency look forward to this column. The weakness is apparent, that the folk not directly interested in the church, and it is this group which should be reached, will not read the church notes.

2. To reach this second group a slide is used on the screen of the local moving picture show. The group reached here will be those who probably would be interested in the evening service and the sermon topics for that service are flashed on the screen each week. The following are examples of the slides used:

Hear

"The Man Who Left Religion to His Wife"

At Congregational Church
Sunday Evening, 7:30

Young People's Chorus
Will Sing at
First Congregational Church
Sunday at 7:30
You're Welcome

The cost of these slides, which are changed each week, is moderate, only one dollar a month,

which amount is entirely remitted in our own case and probably would be in many others.

By the use of these two methods, at very little expense two distinct classes have been reached. Of course there is repetition which only serves to impress the "prospect."

3. The next method employed is addressed to the entire constituency of the church; members, "in-laws," friends, and casual attendants. It is important to have a comprehensive mailing list kept to date.

Congregational Card-Courier

Curtis, Nebraska

Vol. I.

November 3, 1927.

No. 4.

THIS MONTH

The evening sermon topics for this month.

"Peter the Wobbler"

"The Man Who Said,

"I'm From Missouri!"

"A New Testament Good Man"

THIS WEEK

Ladies Aid met Wednesday in the church parlors.

Women's Missionary society met Monday and elected the following officers:

Mrs. Hull, President

Mrs. Goldsmith, Vice

President

Mrs. Wilkinson, Secretary

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 6 WILL BE

'Young People's Night'

A Young People's

Chorus

A Helpful Sermon

The Men's Pioneer Club of this church and the Brotherhood of the Methodist church are co-operating to stage a Community Father-Son Banquet, probably November 14.

Boyd Johnson will lead Christian Endeavor Sun-



A MESSAGE TO YOU

The attendance at our services the past month has increased fifty per cent over the preceding month. It should gain as much during this month. We invite you to ATTEND, to PARTICIPATE and to invite others to come with you

CHURCH CALENDAR

Sunday School 10 a.m.
Morning Worship 11 a.m.
G. E. 6:00 p.m.
Evening Worship 7:30

day evening. There will be group singing before the lesson of the evening

SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Sunday School needs your presence and support. New classes are being organized, there is a class to meet your need

Sample of Post Card

A regular United States post card, ruled down the center and headed at the top like a newspaper, is mailed to each name on the mailing list. In the small columns, printed in eight-point type, are placed tersely and graphically-worded notes about the work of the church and here again announcements are made about the various enterprises of the church. The cost of the cards is nominal. The card itself costs one cent and the printing, in our own case, amounts to only one cent per card. For the price of a stamp these novel, attractive cards are mailed each week. They are eagerly received and each week people ask to be placed on the mailing list.

The question may be asked, How long should these be used? The answer is as long as they are effective. The average person does not remain away from church because he feels there is nothing there for him but because the church does not bid for his presence as do the movies and the stage and the radio.

4. This method consists of a church bulletin, the outside pages being printed in the local print shop and the inside pages printed with a Rotospeed. The size of this bulletin is $3\frac{1}{2}$ by 6 inches. The reason it is so small is so that both inside pages can be printed on one stencil thus insuring a uniform finish. Copies of this bulletin are placed in the stores, banks and doctors' offices on Saturday. People waiting for a dentist or physician are frequently desperate for something to read and a fresh church bulletin informs them that your church is alive and active.

These are the methods. The results are gratifying. The evening service, often the bugaboo of pastors, is more largely attended than the morning. The attendances at both services are the largest in the history of the church. The increase in loose offerings more than pays for the advertising expense. A valuable asset of the plan is that the custom of church attendance is so culti-

vated that folk come to church habitually. And not least among the results is that the pleasurable thrill of seeing a well-filled church auditorium twice each Sunday reacts upon the membership until they have the high morale which promises to bring success in the realization of church goals.

**First Page of Bulletin
The First
Congregational Church
Curtis, Nebraska**

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Creed, a circle embracing all the truth which radiates from Jesus Christ.

House of worship—a school for learners, a shelter for the weak, a citadel for the strong.

Undertaking—the spread of the gospel to individuals, society, and the world.

Religion, a life rational, humane, divine.

Compensation—the deep values of approving conscience—the “well done” of God.

Hope—the ultimate and universal sway of Truth and Love and Peace.

Lee Goldsmith, Minister

Evening Services

SPECIAL SERVICES

In response to your request I am enclosing the full program of our Good Friday and Easter Sunday evening services together with a copy of the Lenten letter which we sent out.

The Lenten letter was sent to every family in our parish and I inclosed with each letter a copy of the Fellowship of Prayer, which is gotten out by the Congregational Commission on Evangelism. This is the first year I have put out a suggestive list for Lenten reading, but the experiment proved more successful than I had anticipated. The Russell Library was hardly able to keep enough copies of the books on hand to meet the demand and copies of the letter having been placed on the library table by request for distribution so many were carried away by the people that the supply had to be replenished several times. The librarians were so impressed by the results that they published the list in the newspapers and made a special report on the matter to the trustees. The results were not only encouraging but quite instructive to me, as they proved rather conclusively that numbers of our people are ready and eager for good reading and grateful for suggestions.

Special Lenten Wednesday evening meetings were held as you will notice during Lent with very simple but helpful music by two of our church violinists. The topics were taken from Dr. Frank Crane's book “Why I Am a Christian.” We were obliged to curtail the number of these services because of the interruption by meetings which were held on some of the Wednesday evenings in

behalf of arrangements for a new pipe organ which we were installing and a new parish house which we were building. Copies of the booklet gotten out by the Commission on Evangelism entitled “His Last Week” were also placed in the church vestibule.

The Protestant churches of Middletown united for special Holy Week services Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings of the week before Easter. The Thursday evening meeting takes the form of a union communion service. The meetings are held in rotation in the various churches, one church each year accommodating the three gatherings. The order of service of the union communion follows the custom of the church in which it is held.

On Friday evening a special service was held in our church of which I am enclosing the program. The preacher was the Reverend J. Burford Parry, pastor of the Hope Congregational Church of Springfield, Mass. Music was furnished by our own First Church Chorus, which consists of young people trained in the church, and John Clayton of Meriden, cellist; Howard Parsons of Middletown, violinist; and our church organist, Bertrand E. Spencer. The electric cross was used and we endeavored to make this service as simple, reverent and beautiful as possible. When the congregation had seated themselves the auditorium lights were put out and the lights upon the cross, which hung behind the pulpit above the choir, came on slowly, whereupon the chorus and congregation joined in singing the hymn “In the Cross of Christ I Glory.” During the remainder

of the service the lights were dimmed or brightened as occasion arose, and the hymns and sermon centered about the cross of Jesus. The congregation were most reverential and seemed impressed.

Two services were held on Easter Sunday. At the morning service the reception of members was held with a short Easter sermon by the pastor. In receiving the right hand of fellowship each person joining was presented with a white rose as an emblem of Easter joy and Christian purity. The music was furnished by the First Church Quartet and our young people's chorus, assisted by the Philharmonic Brass Quartet of Hartford, Conn. The congregational singing was the best we have had this year. The evening service was exclusively a musical service. You will find the program on the back of the calendar. The vocal music was furnished by the First Church Quartet and Mademoiselle Marie Milliette of the Music Department of Smith College. The instrumental music was furnished by the Goldenaire Trumpeters of Springfield and our church organist. This service took exactly one hour and fifteen minutes and the expenses were defrayed by a silver offering. —*Ralph Aldrich Christie, Minister First Congregational Church, Middletown, Conn.*

GOOD FRIDAY EVENING SERVICE

8:00 P.M.

Organ Prelude—"Gethsemane" *Malling*
 Hymn—"In the Cross of Christ I Glory"
 (Number 273. All five verses.)
 Chorus and Congregation *Stainer*
 Scripture reading—Luke 23:33-46. Isaiah 53:3-5
 Trio—"Cavatina" *Raff*
 Anthem—"Jesus Still Lead On"
 First Church Chorus *Berwald*
 Prayer of Intercession
 Offertory—"Andante con moto tranquillo"
 Trio *Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*
 Hymn—"When I Survey the Wondrous
 Cross" (Number 254. All four verses.) *Miller*
 Sermon—By the Reverend J. Burford Parry,
 Springfield
 Hymn—"Beneath the Cross of Jesus."
 (Number 425. All three verses.)
 Chorus and Congregation *Maker*
 Benediction
 Silent Prayer Followed by Amen
 Organ Postlude—"He Was Despised" *Handel*
 (The hymns will not be announced. The congregation is requested to rise when the chorus comes forward.)

EASTER SUNDAY MUSICAL SERVICE

7:30 P.M.

The Organ Prelude—"Cristo Trionfante"
Pietro Yon
 Scripture Recitative
 Selection—"The Heavens Are Telling" *Beethoven*
 (The Goldenaire Trumpeters)
 Anthem—"Come See the Place Where Jesus
 Lay" *Parker*
 (First Church Quartet)
 Hymn—"Jesus Christ Is Risen Today"
 (Number 298. All four verses) *Lyra Davidica*

(Quartet and Congregation)

Prayer
 Soprano Solo—"I Know That My Redeemer
 Liveth" *Handel*
 (Mademoiselle Marie Milliette)
 Selection—"Hosanna" *Granier*
 (The Goldenaire Trumpeters)
 Responsive Reading—Selection 82
 Anthem—"They Have Taken Away My
 Lord" *Harrington*
 (First Church Quartet)
 Selection—"The Lord Is My Shepherd" *Koschat*
 (The Goldenaire Trumpeters)
 Soprano Solo—"Alleuia"
 17th Century Easter Hymn
 (Mademoiselle Marie Milliette)
 The Offertory—"Praise Ye the Father" *Gounod*
 (The Goldenaire Trumpeters)
 Hymn—"Come Ye Faithful, Raise the
 Strain" (Number 297. All four verses)
Arthur Sullivan
 (Quartet and Congregation)
 Selection—"The Soldier's Chorus" *Gounod*
 (The Goldenaire Trumpeters)
 Benediction
 The Organ Postlude—"Amen, Amen" *Handel*
 (The hymns and responsive reading will not be announced. The congregation is requested to rise when the quartet comes forward.)

A VICTORY SERVICE

Christ Triumphant

Rev. Lewis Keast

"'Tis the spring of souls today,
 Christ hath burst his prison;
 From the frost of gloom and death,
 Light and life have risen."

The Easter season calls the Church to a new sense of her victorious life in Christ. Some of us will be asking: "What can we do to make it a little different? To strengthen its appeal? Is there any particular note that should be emphasized?" The service outlined below will answer these questions.

All of us have had some part in celebrating some particular event. How well we remember when the war closed: Whistles blew—bells rang—old and young rejoiced together. We united our effort in the struggle. It was for us to rejoice together in its close. Not all rejoiced—some wept—wept with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow. We knew too well that with the return of the boys, some mothers' boys would not come back. The joy of Easter, the victory of Christ, is for all—especially for those who mourn.

When we wander through a graveyard looking at the monuments and the tombstones we often read: "Here lies," then follows the name of the person and the date of his death. How different when we think of the tomb of our Lord; it is not: "Here lies," but entirely the reverse: "He is not here, he is risen!" How true the words: "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me though he die yet shall he live."

Everything in this service must center around the "triumphant Christ." From Prelude to

Postlude, we must be made to feel this victorious strain. What better hymn could we sing than:

"Christ the Lord Is Risen Today, Hallelujah!"

Here is the song of triumphant gladness. It is a happy remembrance that "earth's saddest day, and earth's gladdest day are but one day apart." Since God's redeeming work is done we need not go stumbling from one defeat to another, but from victory to victory!

Program

Sunday Evening Service

Prelude—Selected

Processional—"Behold The King of Glory Pass"

Hymn—"All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name"

Diadem

Invocation—Congregation standing

Easter Carol—"See, the Conqueror Mounts

In Triumph!"

Nevin

Scripture Reading—Luke 24:13-35

Quartet—Selected—Prayer (Choral Response)

Offertory—Jubilate Deo *C. M. Wiske*

Hymn—"Christ Arose" (Lo! In the Grave He Lay)

(Three Victory Talks)

The Victory of Prayer—Matt. 6:6

The Victory of Suffering—Sacrifice—Matt. 16:24

The Victory Over Death—1 Cor. 15:57

Anthem—"We Love to Sing Around Our

King"

Nevin

Hymn—"Christ the Lord Is Risen Today—

Hallelujah."

Benediction

Recessional—"Hail Him, Lord and Leader!"

"We Are One With the Risen Lord."

What the Readers Say

January 11, 1928.

My Dear Mr. Ramsey:

I do not know when my subscription is due and I cannot wait to find out, as the value of the *Expositor* is only to be compared to the value of a true friend, so here is the \$3.50 for another year of *Expositor* friendship.

On December 22, 1927, Mr. Ramsey, our splendid church here was totally destroyed by fire. It is hard to see consumed in a few hours the work of years. The loss of the building is very keenly felt by every family in Nipper's Harbor, as the church now marked only by ashes was nothing less than a monument erected to the memory of their sacrifice as a community of simple fisher folk. They are now desolate. It is their purpose to "arise and build."

I wonder would it be too much, Mr. Ramsey, to ask you to put the following Appeal from the "United Church of Canada, Newfoundland Conference," in your widely circulated magazine, *The Expositor*. Any assistance that the *Expositor* readers may be able to extend us will be gratefully acknowledged and with your permission acknowledged through the *Expositor*. The following is the "Appeal."

Rev. J. D. Bourne.

The United Church of Canada

Newfoundland Conference

AN APPEAL

Nipper's Harbor, Newfoundland.

January 11, 1928.

A great loss has been sustained by the United Church members and adherents of Nipper's Harbour, by the destruction of their church by fire on the morning of December 22, 1927. At great sacrifice of time and money, a commodious and, for them, a beautiful church stood to the credit of the people, and as an evidence of their loyalty to the religious instincts of the people of Newfoundland.

This House of Prayer has been taken from them by fire and they are desolate. It is their purpose to arise and build and will again make sacrifice of time and money to provide a suitable place of worship. The church destroyed by fire was valued at \$6,000, with insurance of only \$1500.

In their appeal to *Expositor* readers able to assist them in their laudable undertaking, the Official Boards are confident that it will meet with generous response.

Mark Fenwick,

Superintendent of Missions,

Newfoundland Conference

Address in sending subscriptions: Rev. J. D. Bourne, Sec. United Church Rebuilding Committee, Nipper's Harbour, Newfoundland.

The Parsonage, First Baptist Church,
Mannington, W. Va.

My dear Mr Ramsey:

As a minister's wife, I always peruse the *Expositor* and read what attracts me in the little time I have to read. Any article bearing on the problems of the parsonage, especially in relation to the minister's wife, naturally calls to me. There must be a great number of minister's wives among your readers. We have been led to believe that we can help or hinder, to a great extent, the usefulness of our ministers by our own attitudes and actions. Would it be possible for the *Expositor* to give definite help along this line? Perhaps a department is out of the question entirely, but would it be advisable for your magazine to print a series of articles by an older minister's wife, one who is loved because she has made a success of her job, touching on the specific problems every minister's wife has to face. Could she tell us, who are younger, how to approach a new church in the most helpful way; might she not discuss the question of a wife calling with her husband (it is still done in some localities); might she not help us to see what principles should guide our taking any leadership in the church work, or making friends, or even dressing our children. Surely there is a wise sister somewhere who could lead us all into the paths of peace.

Pardon me for taking so much of your time, but I had to get this off my chest. It may not be possible for *The Expositor* to consider doing anything of this sort, but I still believe such a series of articles would meet a warm welcome among a host of your friends.

Cordially yours,

Mabel M. Tilton.

Gold-Mining in the Scriptures

The Expositor's "Expositions"

REV. R. C. HALLOCK, D.D.

WHAT DO THESE PUZZLING PASSAGES MEAN?

We select for study three sayings of Jesus which seem perplexing to the general readers; and, judging from the variegated comments, the first two of these puzzle some of the preachers, as well.

1. The Restless Demon in Dry Places. Matthew 12:43-45.

Hotan de to akatharton pneuma eksesitheh apo tou anthrophou, When however the unclean spirit has gone out of the man, *dierchetai di' anudrohn topohn zehloun anapausin,* he roams about in waterless places seeking rest, *kai ouch heuriskei,* and he does not find. *Tote legei, Eis ton oikon mou epistrepsoh hothen eksesithon,* Then he says, Into the house of me (my house) I will return, whence I came out; *kai elthon heuriskei scholazonia sesarohmenon kai kekosomehmenon,* and he comes, finds it unoccupied, swept clean, all fixed up. *Tote poreuetai kai paralambanei meth' heautou hepta hatera pneumata ponehrotera heautou,* Then he goes and brings back with him seven other spirits worse than himself, *kai eiselhthona katoikei ekei,* and entering in they dwell there; *kai ginetai ta eschata tou anthrophou ekeinou cheirona tohn prohiohn,* and the last state of that man becomes worse than the first. *Houtoys estai kai teh genea tauteh teh ponehra,* Thus shall it be also with this generation, this evil one.

This long passage gives good practice in reading Greek. But just what does the parable mean? And who or what is the "unclean spirit" the Master mentions? "The demon of idolatry banished from Israel by the Exile." (Indexed Bible) So in effect, Weymouth. "The spirit of the age, engrossed with the material, the sensible, the secular." (Monro Gibson) Satan himself, who "has lost all his purity, delights in, promotes, all impurity." (M. Henry) "Allegorical," with an imaginary demon in the case. (Meyer) Henry Melvill uses it by application to represent the demon Popery, banished by the Reformation, but returned a seven-fold evil, in the form of ecclesiastical disunion. Manifold other interpretations are found.

Unquestionably the immediate application of the parable was to the cavilling Jews, Christ's hearers. His *de* with which verse 43 is introduced carries back to his casting out of the blind and dumb devil as recorded in verse 22. "This generation" means of course those Jews of His time, whom Jesus would warn that, whatsoever might be the temporary reforms upon which they plumed themselves, there could be no actual salvation for their nation so long as they banished the Master of the House (Luke 13:25), but left his house "empty

and all fixed up" ready for devils to take possession. And that more than seven legions of devils had taken possession of Jewry was abundantly proven when the nation plunged to its final catastrophe in 70 A.D.

But while primary application was to the Jews of then, several striking themes are imbedded in this passage, appropriate for the modern preacher's use. Here are four that readily suggest themselves:

An Empty Life Invites the Devil!

"Satan Finds Some Mischief Still, for Idle Hands to Do."

Reformation Without Conversion Saves No Soul. The Only Power That Can Hold the Heart Against

Sin's Inrush, is to Fill That Heart With God!

This recalls Thomas Chalmers' famous and inspiring sermon on "The Expulsive Power of a New Affection;" "profound in spiritual philosophy, practical in its appeal, tremendous in its power of eloquence.

2. The Dishonest Steward Praised for Fraud. Luke 16:8,9.

Kai epehnesen ho kurios ton oikonomon tehs adikias, hoti phronimohs epoiehse, And the boss complimented the dishonest steward that he had done shrewdly: *hoti hoi huiotai tou aiohnos toutou phronimohteroi huper tous huiotous tou phohtos eis tehn genean tehn heautohn eisi,* for the sons of this world (age) are shrewder beyond (double comparative) the sons of the Light, as regards their own temporalities. *Kagoh humin legoh,* And to you I say, *heautois poiehsate philous ek tou mamohna tehs adikias,* Make for yourselves friends from (by wise use of) filthy lucre, *hina hotan eklipeh deksohntai humas eis tas aiohniotous skehnas,* in order that whensoever it shall fail, they may receive you into the Ageless Tabernacles.

Note, that *ho kurios* does not mean the Lord Jesus, but the lord, the employer, the boss of the dishonest steward. Note, also, that Jesus does not himself at all praise or approve of the factor's dishonesty. Many have stumbled at this, imagining that Jesus gives a quasi approval of the man's roguery. But a man can praise the devil (as the old lady did!) "for his admirable perseverance, worthy of a better cause," without thereby ranking himself as a friend of Satan. One can tell how warm a wrap skunk pelts will make, without professing to be partial to the odor of the skunk. Wise forethought it itself commendable; though a good tool may be employed to forward a robbery. Jesus praises the tool, but not the crime.

The real puzzle of this passage lies, however, in verse 9, where Jesus himself says, "I charge you

to make to yourselves friends from (by means of) the mammon of unrighteousness (genitive of characteristic), so that when your money is gone it will have secured for you entrance into Heaven." This difficulty Weymouth avoids by translating *mamohna tehs adikias*, "the wealth which is ever tempting to dishonesty." This is neat, but does the Greek justify the rendering? It is more than doubtful. But if we take the expression, the mammon of unrighteousness, in the general sense of "filthy lucre," which the Greek justifies and which seems to have been the sense in which Jesus used it, the difficulty vanishes. Note, once more, the textual change from *eklipehte*, "when you fail" (King James), to *eklipeh*, "when it fails," of the revised. This removes a distinct difficulty.

The real sermon theme for us, then, is just the message of Jesus: Copying the shrewdness, though not the scoundrelism, the wise foresight though not the roguery, of the rascal steward, so use the things of this sinful world in which you must live, as unto spiritual ends and a spiritual reward in eternity! And surely such sermon theme is intended of God as message to every Christian business man today.

3. That "Hard Saying" the Disciples Refused. John 6:53.

"The great crisis in the History of the Christ" (Edersheim) had now come. "Here, then, we are at the parting of the two ways; and, just because it was the hour of decision, did Christ so clearly set forth the highest truths concerning Himself, in opposition to the views which the multitude entertained about the Messiah." (Ibid.) And this "hard saying," which so many of his followers refused, was the rock of offence on which the split was made.

Amehn amehn legoh humin, In solemn earnestness I declare to you, *ean meh phagehie tehn sarka tou Huioi tou anthrophou*, unless (if not) you eat the

flesh of the Son of man, *kai piehete autou to haima*, and drink the blood of him (his blood), *ouk echete zohehn en heautois*, you have no life in you (yourselves)."

This solemn assertion was vastly startling to many who were following Jesus. Without spiritual insight, they took his words literally; they said, "This is too much! We can't stand such things!" They turned away in disgust and resentment. Others there may have been who perceived a suggestion of a Suffering Messiah; but that was not their pleasure, so they turned away. Even the Twelve were distressed, deeply perturbed, until Jesus said tenderly: "Don't you, even you, see the spiritual life within the harsh-seeming husks of my words? What if I leave you utterly, and go back to my Father; how will you feel then? Can't you trust a little until you see the spiritual meanings? . . . Or, are you also wanting to turn your backs and leave, because of my words?"

Whereupon Peter, with tears trembling in his voice, made that memorable answer of surrendered faith, *Kurie, pros tina apeleusometha? rheimata zohehs aiohniou echeis*, Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life! *Kai hehmeis pepisteukamen kai egnohkamen hoti Su ei ho Hagios tou Theou*, and we have believed and know that Thou art the Holy One of God!"

And herein is found the great sermon theme, in which the loving and spiritual pastor can lead his people from the husks of the literal and physical, up through the narrow defiles of doubt and darkness, on up to the wide views and blessed visions of the spiritually sunlit summits of faith which Peter, taught of God, reached at a bound. Then shall they deeply realize how Christ's Sufferings and Death are as very bread of life and wine of life for the soul's infinite need; and also, at the Lord's Table, they will comprehend how marvelously the "Hard Saying" of Christ becomes filled with Light, flaming with Love.

Pulpit and Pastoral Prayers

REV. JOSEPH CLARE, D.D.

THE SAYINGS OF THE CROSS

These prayers have been prepared with passion week in mind. Many of the brethren will no doubt be following the seven sayings of the cross, and may find the following very helpful along the line suggested.

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." St. Luke 23:34.

O heavenly Father, forasmuch as none can come to receive Thy Holy Word except Thou draw them by Thy gracious power, we beseech Thee to pour out Thy Holy Spirit upon us, that our hearts may be inclined favorably to receive,

steadfastly to retain and obediently to perform, whatsoever we may learn from the Words of the Cross, so that we set forth in our lives what we owe to Thy redeeming love. O thou patient Christ who dost love thy children persistently in spite of their misunderstanding and lack of vision to see Thee as the Holy One of God. In spite of the disloyalty of thine own to Thee, when there was opportunity to speak a telling word, but silence hath betrayed Thee. When the vote was cast, because of unsteady sarcasm, and afraid sneers, we voted with those who neither loved nor knew Thee. O Thou loyal friend, forgive our dis-

loyalty. We have wept bitterly, and repent of our folly. Help us in our love for Thee that we may be persistent in our devotion to Thee that we may never falter in our allegiance so that Thy cause may never fail. Help us in any crisis of Thy cause to disregard self and take our stand with Thee. In Thy great heroism may we be strong. Give to us Thy patience, Thy forgiving love, Thy understanding spirit, Thy spirit of service, in Thy great name. Amen.

* * *

"Verily I say unto thee, today shalt thou be with me in paradise." St. Luke, 23:43.

O God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, we thank Thee for these matchless records that portray for us this wonderful life. Father of our spirits behold us gathered in spirit around the Saviour's cross, and pity us with all Thy compassion. God, be merciful unto us as sinners. Where sin has abounded, may grace much more abound, as the light of the morning drives away the darkness of the night.

Hear the confessions that cannot be spoken, and the hidden tears of the heart dispel. O Master, who didst suffer on Calvary and there didst unveil to Thy children the very heart of God, we praise Thee for that loyalty to Thy cause that led Thee to the Cross. We stand amazed and silent before this stupendous event. For in it is that which moves the hardest of us and awes the most worldly and irreverent. "Master, remember me, when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." "Today shalt Thou be with Me in paradise." We bless Thee for that fearless courage of Thine that caused Thee to go forward towards Jerusalem, knowing that there was the cross. Setting Thy face steadfastly toward Jerusalem. Enduring the cross, despising the shame. We pray for a deeper understanding of Calvary in our own lives. We pray that the spirit may lead us into the meaning of the Cross. Help us to visualize the challenge of the cross and meeting it, try to take up our own cross and follow Thee in the way. May Thy cross bring the wanderers home. Subdue the hardest heart, and thus O Son of God, see the travail of Thy soul and be satisfied. In Thy name and for Thy sake. Amen.

* * *

"Woman, behold thy Son." "Behold thy Mother." St. John 19:26-27.

O God and Father of our spirits, whose Son for our sakes became poor that we through His poverty might be made rich, deliver us from our pride and our folly. Give to us that sympathetic and understanding feeling, that grace that teaches us that we are one in Thee. We thank Thee for this inward monitor which sounds Thy warnings and urges us to do Thy will. We are grateful to Thee for this freedom that gives us power to cast our lot with the right. Father, grant us in Jesus Christ the courage to heed the inner voice. Save us from being contrary to our own heart's convictions. May we be obedient to Thy commands, and do Thy wishes. Thou hast redeemed us. Thou art revealing to us Thy love, Thy pity, Thy bounty. To Thee, O Lord, we be-

long, and we thank Thee for life, for friends, for pardon, for immortality. Blessed Lord, we need no arm but Thine, for it is mighty to save; as we rest upon it, and our souls are redeemed from fear. Help us to take up the responsibilities bestowed upon us by Thee. "Behold thy mother," and by Thy grace bear our cross and follow Thee in the way. We thank Thee Thou hast given us some one to care for, and we will willingly shelter them in our homes and supply them with our strength till Thou shalt call us. Help us to live within the illuminating light of Thy life, may we love the poor, protect the oppressed and comfort the sad. And grant us the glorious privilege of passing on to others the heart of Thyself as shown us in Thee. For Thy glory and Thy Kingdom's sake. Amen.

* * *

"E'li, E'li, la'ma sa-bach-tha'ni? My, My, God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" St. Matthew 27:46.

O God, Father and Creator of us all, remembering with what a price we have been redeemed, as we endeavor to meet the duties of life with Christian courage. Realizing that all things are in Thine hands and that all the kingdoms are Thine and Thou rulest over all. And we know that through the cry of the Cross Thou hast redeemed the souls of Thy servants; Thou wilt also deliver our feet from falling, that we may walk before Thee in the land of the living. As we stand before the Cross and see what He has done for us we cry, "O Christ of God, Thou hast given all for me, what have I done for Thee?" O Christ of God come and reveal Thyself! O merciful Spirit, open our hearts that we may see and know what He has done for us, and therefore give ourselves into His care and commit our entire being to His guidance to do His work. The beginning of all lies here; it is so simple after what He has done for us, the offering of ourselves and the acceptance of Him as a great God and merciful Saviour. We desire to give our wills to Thee, so that we may be Thine, and all that Thou hast shall be ours. In Thy great pity Thou hast spared us, in Thy saving mercy Thou hast pardoned our sin. We know Thee through Thy Son our Saviour, who was wounded for our transgressions and bruised and forsaken for our iniquities. Strong Son of God we ask Thee to be with us and lead us in the way Thou Thyself hast trod, Thou, lover of souls, and say, not unto us, but unto Thee and Thy great name be all the praise and the glory. Amen.

* * *

"I thirst." St. John 19:28.

Almighty God, who hast given us Thy Only-Begotten Son to take our nature upon Him, grant we pray Thee, we being regenerate and made children of one adoption and grace, may be daily renewed by Thy Holy Spirit, through this same Lord Jesus Christ who said, "I thirst," and called men unto Himself and giveth the "Living waters" and who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the same Spirit, we bless Thee and praise Thee for Thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, for the means of

grace and for the hope of glory. O Christ we rejoice that Thou art our light, our sun. Thou art the bread of life and the water of life.

Thou art the way and the door. Thou art Redeemer and Intercessor. Thou art the Forerunner. Thou art everything in this life, and everything in the life which is to come; and our life is hid in Thee, and the source of all life is in Thee; and all the influences that inspire us and ennoble us are in Thee; all the power that upholds us and carries us forward is in Thee. And yet, because of Thy divine love Thou didst thirst on the Cross. "Who saved others, but Himself could not save." And as we contemplate this offering of Thyself, help us, and deliver us, from all things that are selfish and proud, and impure, and wrong; and grant that we may from day to day grow into that knowledge that assisted Thee to do so much for us. We pray, O Lord Jesus, that Thou wouldst stoop down with Thy infinite influence, with all the breath and inspiration of Thine heart, to Thy servants who are gathered together in this place, that we may open our souls to the refreshment of Thy presence and to Thine indwelling. Draw near to everyone according to Thy mercy. And to Thy name shall be the praise. Forever, Amen.

* * *

"It is finished." St. John 19:30.

Our great eternal, Heavenly Father, in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, we bow at Thy footstool and help us to realize that we are coming into Thy presence. Thou has kept us and provided for us in all these things. We thank Thee for what Thou art at this moment to us, in sickness, in weakness, in disappointment, and death. We thank Thee for Jesus Christ, for Thou hast expressed Thyself in Him. Help us, therefore, to walk in the spotlessness of the Saviour of men. Help us to show others what Thou art. Help us by Thy grace to know what we ought to do. Help us to realize that to whom "much is given, much is required." Help us to enthrone our Lord Jesus as the righteousness, as the peace, and live in the light of Thy divine wisdom. We pray for the enlargement of our souls toward Jesus Christ. We pray that we may have more and more the spirit of the Master, that we may be strong in the Lord, and rejoice in the power of His might. We pray that our life may be absorbed into Thy life. May it increase, that the life which we live may be by faith of the Son of God, who loved us and gave Himself for us. We realize Thy long-suffering and patience and love to restore men, and that Thou hast given Thyself to the elevation of mankind, lifting them and bringing them towards God. Help us therefore to cast our burdens on the Lord. May we lay our cares on Him who cares for us. May we bring our sorrows to the throne of mercy, and may we find Thee always a comforting Saviour. "It is finished." The work Thou camest to do is complete. May we in Christ's have our share, and receive through His atonement and redemption, even the remission of our sins; may we receive, through His immortal life, the Spirit that was in Him, to make us like our Master. In Thy love hear us and in Thy pity

answer us, in Thy long-suffering forgive us, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

* * *

"Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." St. Luke 23:46.

Oh Thou self-sustaining, eternal and merciful Father, who has appointed the word to be a light to our feet and a lamp unto our paths, that by patience and comfort of Thy word we may embrace and ever hold fast that blessed hope of everlasting life which Thou hast given us through our Lord Jesus Christ. And, seeing of Thy tender love to mankind Thou hast given Thy dear and only Son, to be unto us a sacrifice for sin, and also an example of godly living, give us grace that we may always most thankfully receive this, His inestimable benefit, and also daily endeavor ourselves to follow the blessed steps of His most holy life, who liveth and reigneth with Thee. O Lord, may we long more and more to be like Thyself, and cherish in our hearts a more ardent desire for all things of good report with which Thou hast clothed those who keep near unto Thee. O Thou Christ! Thou didst suffer Thyself, comfort Thy children, Thou Lord of all patience, with Thine own presence, bring Thy peace again into the hearts of Thy children, and give them light and healing. We ask Thee to guide our thoughts; direct our utterances; let Thine own power be manifest in us now. Bless all of us and help us to accept Thy word, to take Christ for our Saviour. We beseech Thee that the communion and the comfort of Thy presence may ever make light in us and in our hearts, and that our lives may be ordered by Thy word and fruitified by Thy blessing, and illuminated by Thy light and Thy Spirit. We commit ourselves into Thy hands, knowing that we are safe and that Thou wilt keep us in perfect peace. Keep us through faith unto salvation and after bring us to Thine everlasting kingdom and glory for the sake of Jesus Christ our Saviour Amen.

* * *

The Joy of Easter

"He is risen." St. Matthew 28:6.

We praise Thy name our God, that we can comfort each other with these words, "He is not here, but is risen." We thank Thee that the resurrection has arrived for all mankind. We have the many infallible proofs which Thou hast graciously placed in our hands that Thou art alive and that we are brought into life. We claim in the life manifested the adoption of sons and joint heirs with Christ to a Divine inheritance. "Because I live, ye shall live also." O Lord Christ, may we know the power of Thy resurrection! May its power lift us into loftier thoughts and feelings! May this power draw us to Thee, may we feel the upward calling in Thee. May we by Thy grace live on higher heights, with a continued desire to live this higher life of the Spirit, and in Thy strength be victorious. We rejoice this day that death is swallowed up in victory. We know Thee to be "the resurrection and the life." Help us, therefore, to turn to Thee with true discernment, and to abide in Thee through a living faith, that, finding now the

comfort of Thy presence, we may have the sure confidence of all that is to come: until the day break and the shadows flee. We thank Thee for this confidence. "That where Thou art there shall we be also, and whither I go ye know, and because I live ye shall live also." We thank Thee for Thy mercy and the blessed hope of everlasting

life, through Thee, who died and rose again and ever liveth for us to intercede we praise Thee. Lead us into the paths of duty and of service, so that when Thou shalt call us to be with Thee, we shall hear that glad "Well done." To Thee who bringest life out of death and canst turn our sorrows into joy, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

Illustrations

A Sermon Without Illustrations is Like a House Without Windows

Pearls for Preachers

REV. WILLIAM J. HART, D.D.

SOMETHING BETTER AHEAD

2 Cor. 5:6. "Therefore we are always confident."

A while ago I spent some twenty-four hours floating on the great Atlantic Ocean on a small pan of ice, on to which I had crawled out of the freezing water. No picture was formed on my retina of a single living soul. However, I slept peacefully through a large part of the night, in the absolute conviction of an unseen Presence, and of something better before me, even if it should be behind the sun which rose in the morning, gloriously, from beyond the boundless horizon.—*Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, "On Immortality."*

THE IMMORTAL LIFE WILL FOLLOW THE MORTAL

1 Cor. 15:46. "Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual."

At the age of ninety-four Chauncey M. Depew voiced his unflinching faith in life after death. In the course of an interview with James Martin Miller, in November, 1927, Senator Depew said: "The anticipation of a life beyond the grave so belongs to our human mastery over the conditions of animal life that it seems to be an integral part of our human endowment. Life comes first, faith afterward. We had the stars of the constellation before we had astronomy; plants and flowers ahead of botany; religion preceded theology, mineral before geology. The mortal life came to me first, the immortal life will follow it; but we must seek it and prepare for it."

NO DARK VALLEY

Psa. 23:4. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me."

"How well I remember the last time when I was with the beloved Sankey," said Dr. F. B. Meyer, when speaking of his memories of Moody and Sankey. It was when he was near the end, very ill, and very weak. He had been blind for a number

of years. There, in his New York home, I visited him. His wife was fanning him that hot summer afternoon. When I was about to go he protested and said, 'You are not going until I sing for you, are you?' I replied that he was too weak to sing. But he responded that he must sing for me, and how sweetly he sang, 'There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes!' And he sang the entire song, the four stanzas."—*William M. Runyan in the Sunday School Times.*

JESUS CHRIST WILL NOT STAY DEAD

Luke 24:3. "And they entered in, and found not the body of the Lord Jesus."

That poet of deep feeling and fresh and eager speech, Harry Webb Farrington, has written:

"Your Christ is dead,
The Romans said;
Into the land of Galilee,
His frightened, frail
Disciples fled.
But Caesar's guard
Were sleeping, hard.
Again along the Syrian Sea,
The Risen Christ
His followers led."

The perpetual marvel of Christianity lies just in the fact that Jesus Christ will not stay dead. He rises in the moral life of the world. He rises in the spiritual life of the world. He rises in the aesthetic life of the world. More life has come forth from His touch than from all human dwellings and from all human schools.—*Dr. Lynn Harold Hough.*

THE LIFE THAT IS TO BE

1 Cor. 15:55. "O death, where is thy sting?"

The poet laureate, in his Gareth and Lynette, one of the "Idyls of the King," draws a wonderful picture of the warfare of human life. Gareth is a king's son, who in disguise has served as scullion in the king's kitchen until Arthur sends him forth

to do battle for the liberation of an imprisoned lady, typical of the human soul. He encounters morning, noon, and night, the succession of armed warriors who guard the castle. Then at last he faces Death in the form of a dreadful being clad in black armor, with a grinning skull at its crest. This foe also he unhorses, and cleaves the black helmet, only to liberate a smiling and beautiful boy, who pleads that the other champions have persuaded him to don this dreadful disguise of terror. Death faced, overcome, forced to disclose himself, proves no dreadful specter, but a form of blooming youth.— *The Epworth Herald*.

THE LAWYER'S BOY

1 Cor. 15:33. "Be not deceived."

A certain lawyer who had always been a religious man denied all his early beliefs when his beautiful girl wife, whom he deeply loved, died in giving birth to a son. "What right had God to take her from me?" he cried again and again.

He became an atheist, a cynic who delighted in assailing the faith of others. Often in argument with guests at his home he would pooh-pooh the idea of immortality. "When you're dead," he would say, "you're dead, dead as a doornail."

Meanwhile his son grew up in the care of the housekeeper. Though the boy saw little of his father, he frequently overheard his conversations and arguments. One day the housekeeper asked to speak to the lawyer. The boy had learned to swear. "You must talk to him, sir," she said.

"Send him to me," replied the lawyer.

A few minutes later father and son looked at each other. "How like my dead-and-gone Lucy the boy looks!" thought the father. He spoke sternly to the boy of his fault and then sent him away.

But the housekeeper came again and again with the same complaint. At last, seeking in desperation for some argument that would appeal to the boy, the lawyer said, "You know, my boy, that if your mother were alive she wouldn't like to hear you talk like that."

"But mother isn't alive," the boy replied, glibly. "She's dead, dead as a doornail."

The words struck to the heart of the embittered man; all his being seemed to surge up in protest against such words from the lips of his wife's son! He leaped to his feet. "She is not dead!" he cried. "Boy, your mother is alive and hears every word you utter!" He paused and then added, "I have been a wicked fool and have spoken what is not true. Come, my boy, we'll begin again and from now on see more of each other. Let us live in a way that is worthy of her!"— *The Youth's Companion*.

THE LIFTING POWER OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE

Heb. 7:16. "The power of an endless life."

A titled woman, in Germany, having no faith in immortality, had the courage of her convictions or lack of them, and caused herself to be buried in a tomb of masonry covered with a heavy stone slab, on which was inscribed a declaration of her

opinion that was the end for her. She was mistaken. A tiny seed found lodgment in the mortar, took root that fed upon her body and grew to be a tree that burst the slab asunder. I have seen a photograph of the tree growing from this tomb, proclaiming nature's own refutation that death is a finality or the tomb impregnable.

Just as surely as the tree has inherent in its life the power of lifting water and transforming it into sap and wood-fiber and leaf and blossom, so has the spiritual life its own lifting power. It can raise men out of despondency, desolation and sin. It can lift and transfer them and make them sons of God. It can give them a hope which is more than a gentle and pleasurable sensation; a hope that is alive and full of dynamic vigor.— *Dr. W. E. Barton*.

WAITING FOR THE BOATMAN

Rev. 7:14. "These are they which came out of the great tribulation."

A few days before the exaltation came to Bella Cooke, she said to her daughter, Mrs. Joseph Pullman, after enduring the most excruciating agony, in one of the spasms of her disease, "My dear, what am I waiting for?" Mrs. Pullman replied, "Mother, you are waiting for the Boatman to come." A calm peace settled upon the sufferer's face, as she triumphantly exclaimed, "Yes, I shall see my Boatman face to face, when I have crossed the bar."— *The Christian Herald*.

OUR KINSMAN

Rom. 8:37. "We are more than conquerors through him that loved us."

You remember the ancient tale of Theseus, about to enter the black labyrinth, sword in hand, to battle with the monster whose lair was this gloomy and bewildering fastness; and how his sister, Ariadne, tied around his ankle a silken thread, and told him that whenever he felt a pull on that thread he would know that she was thinking of him, and was with him in his hazardous search and combat, and how thus fortified with her sympathy, Theseus slew the destroying Minotaur. There is a like pull on the heart-strings of men from the cross of Christ, in our conflicts with the woes and wrongs and evils of life which makes us aware of his spiritual fellowship, and renders us more than conquerors through this kinsman of ours.— *President H. S. Coffin*.

"GIVE ME PASSAGE"

1 Cor. 15:57. "But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Did you notice how the flowers grow through dirt? Did you ever notice a flower coming up? Does it not come up through dirt? Does it put on any vestments to keep the dirt from crowding all around it? It does not. The flower comes up through the dirt, and grows in the dirt, and always close to the dirt, and, amongst the dirt, blooms. Ah me, we are God's flowers; we are meant to be where the dirt is; but we are meant to convert the dirt into bloom and beauty and perfume.

What are we here for? To dodge the issue? No. What are we here for? To enjoy the issue? Yes. Keep in the world, impinged on by it, raptured with it, rejoicing for it. And when you come up the long hill they call Zion's hill, and will come up with a great armload of immortelles that you grew on the road you travelled — as you come they ask, "What are you sowing, man?" He said, "Flowers." "What for?" "Oh, for fun." "Who will pick them?" "I don't know." "Will anybody pick them?" "I wouldn't wonder." "What if nobody does?" "God will," he says. Sowing flowers. Not looking where he sows them, but going down on the roadways and by the hardest highways, along the loneliest places, up along the weary mountain ways, and when the gleaners of the flowers call to him he looks around and says, "Planting flowers in the world?" "Yes." "Didn't get away from it?" "No." "Sowed it to beauty?" "Yes." Please God, if he will help me, I don't want to get to heaven a nondescript. I don't want to dodge from the lines, not a bit. I want to walk straight along and say, "I own this road. Give me passage. I own this road, give me passage." Some of these days I want to walk down, and Death will see me and say, "You can't go this road." And I will say, "Old man Death, you have terrified many, but my Christ told me to walk this way, and I am going along this road. Give me passage." And he will.— *Bishop W. A. Quayle.*

GOING HOME

Heb. 13:14. "For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

Soon after Frank L. Stanton, "the poet laureate of Georgia," was laid to rest at Atlanta, his last poem, "Going Home," was given to the public. Thus it ran, as given by the Pathfinder:

"Adieu, sweet friends — I have waited long
To hear the message that calls me home.
And now it comes like a low, sweet song
Of welcome over the river's foam;
And my heart shall ache and my feet shall roam
No more — no more; I am going home.

"Home, where not storm, where not tempest
raves,
In the light of the calm, eternal day;
Where no willows weep over lonely graves,
And the tears from eyelids are kissed away.
And my soul shall sigh and my feet shall roam
No more — no more; I am going home."

SUNDOWN SPLENDID AND SERENE
Gen. 15:15. "And thou shalt go to thy fathers in peace."

"The following 'Henley poem' has a note of ringing triumph," remarks the Methodist Review:

"A late lark twitters in the quiet skies;
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old, gray city
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace.

"The smoke ascends
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
Shine, and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
Closing his benediction,
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of triumphant night —
Night, with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.

"So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene."

THE BRIDGE

John 14:3. "I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

When she approached the Open Door,
There was a line across the floor.

"I am afraid," the sister said,
"Afraid to cross this line of dread."

"And are you fearful of God's will?"
"No, no," she cried, "I love it still."

"I have no friends, no help," she moaned,
"How can I go there all alone?"

And then appeared the Christ, so bright
And shining with a heavenly light.
"You're not alone, you are with Me,
"And in My Heart, secure you'll be.

"For in My Heart there is no line
"To mark Infinity from time."

— *Mary Elizabeth Lewis, in the
Syracuse Herald.*

Sermon Stories for Junior Congregations

REV. WM. J. HART, D.D.

TWO MESSENGER BOYS

Prov. 22:29. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings."

When fourteen years of age, John Wanamaker went to work for Troutman and Hayes, Philadelphia, as an errand boy at \$1.25 a week. After Wanamaker achieved success as a merchant, Hayes once told a reporter:

"We had two messenger boys in our office. If we sent one of them on an errand, we were certain that he would go straight to the place and return as quickly as possible. Organ grinders with monkeys, beautiful store windows and all that sort of thing, could not make the boy swerve from a straight path. With the other lad it was different. As soon as the clang of a fire bell sounded,

out he would rush to the engine house or the burning building.

"Years passed. I left the city for a time during the Civil War. After my return, in 1866, I was passing along the street, when suddenly, at the corner of Sixth and Market, I saw a sign that almost took my breath away. Above the door of a big clothing establishment, in large letters, I read the name, John Wanamaker. You can imagine my surprise at seeing our old errand boy transformed so quickly into a successful merchant.

"A few days later I was walking down Delaware Avenue. Over on a pier, beside a molasses hogshead, I saw a man lying in a drunken stupor. I went and rolled him over. Can you guess who found? Our other errand boy."—"John Wanamaker," by Herbert Adams Gibbons.

GREAT STUFF!

1 Cor. 16:13. "Quit you like men."

A story of high sportsmanship on the part of the Pennsylvania State football team is being told by Bucknell men. The tale does not dim the glory of Bucknell's victory, but it does add immeasurably to the lustre of Penn State's defeat.

Bucknell's captain, Walter Diehl, as the result of a recently broken ankle, was on the sidelines when the game began. The score stood seven to nothing in favor of his mates when the first half ended. In the third quarter Pennsylvania smashed through Bucknell's defense and tied the score.

Then, despite his injury, Diehl was sent in. With the mighty fullback behind the line, the Baptists took on new heart. The opposition knew that, with Diehl in the game, their chances for victory were vastly lessened. They knew, too, as any man knows, that the half-mended ankle was a thin line of defense if the attack were to center there. But when the great "Bison" back was dropped for the first time, the State tackle said, "Don't worry, old man, we will be careful of the bum pin." Every time that Diehl was thrown, his ankle was protected by gridiron warriors who held sportsmanship and clean play above victory.

Bucknell won thirteen to seven. She broke a string of defeats at the hands of Penn State reaching back to 1899. I agree with Bucknell men who say that Penn State's fine sportsmanship may have lost them a victory, but that if it did, the loss was not commensurate with the gift they made to American football — aye and to American athletics in general.—Dr. D. A. Poling, in the *Christian Herald*, December 31, 1927.

NOT SO FAST

Phil. 4:8. "If there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

"O mamma," cried Blanche, "I heard such a tale about Edith! I did not think she could be so naughty. One—"

"My dear," said her mother, "before you tell it we will see if your story will pass three sieves."

"What does that mean, mamma?"

"I will explain. In the first place, let me ask you about your story, is it true?"

"I suppose so. I heard it from Grace White, and she is a great friend of Edith's."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next place, though you can prove it to be true, is it kind?"

"I did not mean to be unkind, but I am afraid it was."

"And is it necessary?"

"No, of course, mamma; there was no need for mentioning it at all."

"Always ask these three questions first when you are tempted to tell something about others."

— Selected.

DO UNTO OTHERS

Matt. 7:12. "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

"You can not play with my ball, Ted," said Dick. "Santa Claus brought it for me and I do not want anyone else to play with it."

"All right," said Ted. And he went back to the table and began spinning his top.

Soon Dick tired of playing with the ball all by himself. He stood up and looked all around him.

He could see Ted still spinning his top on the table. What a pretty top it was! And it was standing on the edge of a glass and spinning.

Dick ran over to the table. "Let me spin it, Ted," he said.

Ted shook his head. "You would not let me play with your ball," he said.

"Oh, well, I do not care," said Dick. And he went over to where Earl was whittling with his new knife.

"Is it sharp?" asked Dick.

"Yes," said Earl. "It is very sharp."

Dick took a stick out of the wood box. "Let me see if it will cut this," he said.

Earl shook his head. "You would not let me bounce your ball," he said.

"Oh, well, I do not care," said Dick. And he went over to where little Mary was reading her new book.

"Is that the story of The Three Bears?" he asked.

Mary nodded her curly head.

"Let me see it," said Dick. "It has been a long time since I read that story. Which bear was it that caught Goldilocks?"

"Neither one," said little Mary.

"Let me read it," said Dick.

"You would not let me see your ball," said little Mary. "I wanted to play catch with you."

"Oh, well, I do not care," said Dick. And he went over to where Jack sat building a little windmill out of an erector set.

"Oh, let me help you," said Dick.

"No," said Jack. "You would not let me play ball with you."

"Oh, dear!" said Jack. "No one will let me play with them." And he lay down on the floor and began to cry.

Dick's mother came and knelt down beside him.

"Do not cry, Dick," she said. "They will let

you play with their toys if you will let them play with yours."

"Of course we will!" cried all of the children.

"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you!" said big Jack softly as he moved his erector set over so that Dick could play with it, too.

"I will," said Dick. "Let's all form a circle and play catch with my ball."—*Maud Stevens.*

MADE A BRIDGE OF HIS BODY

Gen. 4:9. "Am I my brother's keeper?"

A beautiful story is told of Agassiz, as stated by Dr. J. R. Miller. When he was a boy his father lived on the edge of a lake in Switzerland. One day the father was on the other side of the lake, and Louis and a younger brother set out on the ice to join him. The mother watched the boys from her window. They got along well till they came to a wide crack in the ice. The taller boy leaped over easily, but the other hesitated. "The little fellow will fall in," the mother said, "and drown." But as she watched a moment she saw Louis, the older boy, get down on the ice, lay himself across the crack, his hands on one side and his feet on the other, and make a bridge of his body. Then the little fellow climbed over him in safety to the other side, and both the boys ran on to find their father.

WON HIS TEAM-MATES FOR CHRIST

1 Cor. 12:31. "But covet earnestly the best gifts."

There is a Presbyterian college at Hastings, Neb., whose students are a good deal like other young Americans—perhaps Western Americans would be the more accurate term—who are seeking an education, but who find time to play a winning brand of football and to present a musical comedy by way of a glee-club concert. The Rev. George E. Newell, a local pastor, reports a recent incident of campus life:

The men's conference room at Hastings College was packed with robust fellows at a regular weekly meeting. The leader of the day was the football captain. He led in prayer, read a passage of Scripture, and said:

"Fellows, we have four games left on our schedule. As you know, this is my last year at football. I would like to win every one of our remaining games, but there is something else I would rather see happen than the winning of those four games." Then he continued, "There are four fellows in this room right now who are not professing Christians. If I had to take my choice between winning those four games or seeing you four fellows won to Christ, I would choose the latter."

The room was still. Those fellows knew the sort of man the football captain was. They knew

he meant that. Within a short time all of those four men had taken their stand for Christ, and incidentally three of the four games were won. The other game was tied.—*The Christian Advocate.*

A NEWSBOY SALESMAN

Prov. 14:19. "The evil bow before the good; and the wicked at the gates of the righteous."

Many newspapers commented upon the Texas newsboy who increased his sales in a novel and somewhat ingenious manner. One afternoon when business seemed to be slack, when he had shouted himself hoarse about the latest daily news and scandal, but found few people buying papers, the lad suddenly bethought himself of a new method of attack. The public had evidently wearied of its daily diet of crime and sensational news, so the boy hastily scanned one of his papers for something else that he might utilize. Suddenly he had a flash of inspiration. Then: "All about the big bargain sale!" he began shouting at the top of his voice.

Pedestrians stopped in astonishment and five minutes later the boy's supply of papers was entirely exhausted.

"Some day that boy will be a leader in a new school of editorship," said one of the newspaper editorial writers in commenting on the incident. "He has, moreover, the making of a remarkable psychologist. Instinctively he sensed that the public is, after all, essentially clean-minded and is not always greedy to read the sensational fare which so many papers insist they must serve on their pages."—*The Classmate.*

CHECKING UP

2 Cor. 13:5. "Examine yourselves."

A negro boy walked into a drug store and asked permission to use the telephone; then he called up Mr. Jones and the following conversation took place:

"Is this you, Mistah Jones?"

"Yes."

"Well, Mistah Jones, I saw yo' ad in de paper the other day and yo' wanted a boy. Did you get one?"

"Yes."

"Is he giving perfect satisfaction?"

"Yes, he's giving perfect satisfaction."

"Well, Mistah Jones, providen this boy don't give perfect satisfaction, you call me at 504."

The boy turned and started out and the drug-gist, who had overheard, remarked: "You didn't do any good, did you?"

"Yes, sah," came the prompt reply. "I's de boy what's working down there. I's jest checking up to see how I stand."—*Forbes Magazine.*

Work with Boys and Girls

EASTER SKIES POUR RADIANT LIGHT

(An Easter Sunrise Service for the young people of your Parish.)

The Easter Sunrise service is one of particular delight and interest to the young people and children of the congregation. Announcement of this service may be made many weeks in advance, since the children look forward to it as a climax to the Lenten season of devotion. Another reason for announcing the service early is that each child will provide himself with an Easter lily or other flower. The Self-Denial offering can be taken during this service, and the children will give more heed to the offering, if the announcement is made early.

All members of the congregation are invited to take part in the service, but the attention is centered on the children. Children are symbols of hope, just as the celebration of Easter is the celebration of the Christian's faith and hope in future life.

Any member of the church who is handy with tools can fashion a large wooden cross. The wood frame should be an inch or more in thickness, so that it will hold its shape. Bore holes, a half-inch in diameter, through the wood frame about every three inches. Then cover the wood frame with green crepe tissue paper, and make a perforation wherever there is a hole bored through the wood frame. (During the service the children will bring their Easter lilies to the chancel, and someone appointed to do so will stick the stems of the flowers through the holes bored through the wood frame. In this way your cross will be covered with flowers, over a green background, and will be very lovely.)

If you have someone to wire the cross for you, you can place electric lighting at the three points, otherwise arrange to floodlight the cross during the service. Have a black screen background for the cross. You can make this over a frame with black crepe paper. Around the foot of the cross place white, so that potted plants which will be donated for the service by some members will have an appropriate setting.

The Junior Choir will lead the music, otherwise have classes from your Sunday School trained to sing the hymns in unison. Ushers for the service should be chosen from the ranks of the Sunday School membership, and should seat the older people as they come to the service, and lead the processional of Sunday School children to their appointed places. Two girls about 12 years of

age should be chosen to bear Easter candles during the service, and should be dressed in white.

The children will gather in the Sunday School rooms and march into the church singing "The Day of Resurrection," accompanied by the organ. The organ will continue to play after the children are seated, while from the robing room off the Chancel appear the two girls bearing large Easter candles. They take their places on either side of the large cross.

The pastor opens the Service with the Invocation, at the end of which he announces the first hymn, "Christ, the Lord is Risen Today." The congregation, including the children, arise to sing. Two of the ushers move forward to the Chancel bearing small lighted candles, and each lights one of the large Easter candles held by the small girls beside the cross. The ushers return to the rear of the church before the closing of the hymn.

At the close of the hymn, all are seated, and the organ continues with an appropriate accompaniment, the pastor reads, Matt. 19:13-15. "Then were there brought unto him little children, that he should put his hands on them, and pray: and the disciples rebuked them. But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven. And he laid his hands on them, and departed thence."

Following this reading, the pastor will make the announcement that the children will now deposit their Easter glory upon the Altar of the Lord. The children should leave their seats and in pairs move forward toward the chancel, where the cross rests, and hand their lilies to someone chosen to place the flowers on the cross by placing the stems through the holes made for the purpose.

When the flowers have been placed on the cross, the pastor announces the second hymn, "When I survey the Wondrous Cross" first and last verse only. The little girls who have been holding the candles may now move to seats provided for them somewhere near the cross in the Chancel.

At the close of the second hymn, the pastor will give a short talk on Easter, preferably an appropriate Easter story, especially for the children. (The older ones will enjoy it.)

Following this, there may be special music, a solo, or quartette.

Next, the morning offering, or "Self-Denial Offering," will be received. The offering is received by the ushers, who are preceded by the little girls bearing the Easter candles. They will begin at the center aisle, proceed to the rear of

the church, and one will march ahead of the usher in the side aisle back to the Chancel. They will stand on either side of the Pastor as he receives the offering from the ushers, and will turn toward the Altar when the blessing is pronounced on the offering.

Announce a third hymn, "Christ is Risen, Hallelujah!" during which the children prepare for the exit. At the close of the hymn, while they remain standing with bowed heads, the pastor pronounces the benediction, and the organ immediately begins the recessional hymn, "Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hearts to Heaven and Voices Raise."—W.

SELF-DENIAL OFFERING

Every child in the church will get a letter from the pastor this coming week—including the young people in your homes. In that letter will be a Self-Denial Offering envelope. The letter will contain an appeal to the children and the young people to have a part in this Easter Self-Denial. On Sunday morning we want the Junior Church, when its service is over, to march into the Senior Church in a body singing "We're Marching to Zion" and lay its Self-Denial Offering on the altars of the church. After that we want the adults to do the same. It is the Old Testament way. It is a scene that we shall never forget. Let's heap the tables at the altar full and overflowing this Easter with our Self-Denial. If the children and young people in your home do not get a personal letter from the preacher this week, let us know.—*William L. Stidger, Linwood Blvd. Church, Kansas City.*

KEEPING INTEREST ALIVE IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Frank V. Faulhaber

How Other Superintendents Meet the Membership Problem — The Young Members Themselves Can Point the Ways to Improvement

There is probably no Sunday School where problems of attendance have not been encountered. The question of regular, gratifying attendance is ever an important one, much time being involved finding new members, then encouraging them to stay. Notwithstanding extra efforts on the part of the Sunday School, there are always some straying members. When special attention is given this phase of the work improvement is bound to be effected, with a resulting increase in membership. A few experiences are indicated that should help shed light on this ever-present problem.

"I have always contended," said one Sunday School superintendent, "that the school cannot keep too close to its members." This I find is particularly true in the case of the newcomers. Too often the new members lose interest, and this is especially so when the Sunday School loses in-

terest in them. In our experience, we have improved our membership quite materially by manifesting special interest in each one of our new members. A new member should not be considered merely just another new member.

What we try to do, at the very outset, is to inculcate a regard for the Sunday School among our members, and we do this individually. I myself discuss the province of the Sunday School, pointing out its many advantages, especially the social and spiritual sides. We impress each member with the fact that we have spared no pains in winning him, and that we are keen to do everything we can to retain his membership.

We keep in close touch with these new members, and ask their views. Many times they have valuable suggestions, and it is just these suggestions that enable us to bring about additional improvements, in divers ways, right in the Sunday School. Each member will have opinions, experiences, ideas, and I can assure any Sunday School superintendent that it is well to get at these revelations, for such we call them, for they reveal the ways to better methods. Asking the advice of a new member helps to make a favorable impression; it enables us to improve our school, thus holding the members' interest, and it indicates just why members ordinarily would leave. You cannot keep too close to new members.

Somewhat similar views were expressed by another superintendent in charge of a Sunday School where altogether too much time had been expended seeking new members. "Those at the head of the Sunday School," said this superintendent, "should not be so much concerned with the matter of scouting for new members as to hold new members. A Sunday School is never so popular as when evidence is indicated in the Sunday School itself that perfect attendance is deserved. Considerable time often is given to attract new members, and this applies especially to those Sunday Schools where no special attractions are featured. There are good reasons why young people should attend the Sunday School. First of all, the Sunday School staff must show interest and enthusiasm. If it falls down on the appeal, it fails to grow. We try to add new features from time to time, so that the interest of the most devoted and the most calloused does not wane. There is always something to look forward to. We believe in frequent change of programs. To this end we try to obtain the assistance of the members themselves."

After all, it is the young people to whom we must cater, for the Sunday School is intended for them. We convince them that we are interested in them primarily, and we back up this conviction by tangible efforts within the Sunday School. We have little loss of membership. In fact, our school advertises itself; the members tell relatives, friends and acquaintances, and in this way we attract young people.

Much time and energy is given to visiting the

homes of straying members. This is always successful and might well be encouraged by any Sunday School head. In many Sunday Schools concerted effort is lacking on this angle of the work. One Sunday School superintendent asks; "Are those assigned to the work of calling upon lost or straying members fully aware of its importance? Do they enter spiritually and wholeheartedly into the work?" These are two questions superintendents should ponder. You cannot reasonably send members to visit absentees and straying members, expecting a quick return when the members lack whole-hearted interest in the work. We here choose members especially fitted for such work, members who are not only loyal, but who really like to visit other members. You will always find young people in the Sunday School who like to call upon others. Choose them, I counsel. Do not try to urge the unenthusiastic member. You might dwell until doomsday on the responsibilities of individual members for this part of the work, yet the Sunday School will not succeed as desired unless we select members who like to call upon others. We do our best to encourage, but never to induce against the will.

Therefore, young people who call upon the absentees and the stay-aways are usually successful in their mission. They know how to approach the members individually.

Absentees are encouraged to return as soon as possible; the sick member is cheered. The ones who have seemingly lost interest bring in another problem. Visitors ask for reasons. Where a stay-away signifies lack of interest, we ask for suggestions. Just what can we in the Sunday School do to win back this member? The member is urged to come to see me personally. We exhibit concern in each member, and when there is a sound reason why we should make changes, why we should include other attractions, we lose no time in so doing. In the final analysis the members are the ones to be taught, and must be present to make this possible. If they are pleased and attend, we in the Sunday School can maintain their enthusiasm and improve their knowledge of the Way of Life according to the teachings of Jesus.

A PAGEANT

R. J. Cornish

The following is the outline of a pageant I wrote and used very successfully. Songs, scripture verses and recitations suitable may be interspersed. All must give the idea of Christian duties that conquer sin.

Step by Step

Properties — Curtain to represent a city wall (wrapping paper is cheapest and best). The stones of the wall are to be named — Indulgence, Idleness, Selfishness, Unbelief, Jealousy, Dishonesty, Vanity, Immodesty, Disobedience, Gossiping, Falsehood, Hypocrisy, Drunkenness, etc. Cross (to be placed in back of curtain), Spotlight, and

banners reading Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, The Lord's Day.

Prologue — The story of the fall of Ancient Jericho — read from the Bible.

Recitation — "How like the march of children against the stronghold of sin. God has appointed a way to conquer the great fortress of sin. Step by step our modern Jericho shall be conquered. The victories of the Lord's Day are because we have marched with God six other days. Behold the march of the children."

Child, carrying banner "Monday" leads procession of children in a march around the wall while the choir sings "Around the Walls of Jericho."

Recitation —

"We are marching around our Jericho
To conquer the forces of sin.

And as we march with God our guide
For Jesus we are bound to win."

Children march around wall once again, carrying banner "Tuesday" while choir sings, "Awake, Awake."

Recitation (by one of the children) — "God is a spirit and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

Children march around wall again, carrying banner "Wednesday" while choir sings "Tell It Today."

Recitation (by one of the children) — "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

Children march around wall, carrying banner "Thursday" while choir sings "Will You Say, Here Am I, Send Me."

Recitation (by one of the children) — "All things therefore whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them."

Children march around wall, carrying banner "Friday" while choir sings "In My Heart There Rings a Melody."

Recitation (by one of the children) — "Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart, and with all thy soul and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself."

Children march around wall, carrying banner "Saturday," while choir sings "Stepping in the Light."

Recitation (a child) — "A new commandment I give unto you that ye love one another; even as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."

Children march around wall seven times, carrying banner "The Lord's Day," while choir sings "The Son of God Goes Forth to War" and "We're Marching to Zion."

Drop curtain wall, after the seventh march, showing cross, while choir sings, "It's Just Like Jesus to Roll the Clouds Away."

Recitation (a child) — "Suffer the little children and forbid them not, to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Everyone sings "Speed Away."

Hid in the Sand

REV. T. B. STEWART THOMSON, Edinburgh

"They shall suck of the abundance of the seas and of treasures hid in the sand." Deut.33:19.

These words are taken from a psalm called "The Blessing of Moses," which forms the 33rd chapter of the Book of Deuteronomy. Each of the twelve tribes of Israel is here given a promise. The one in our text was spoken to Zebulun, whose land stretched down to the sea-shore of the Mediterranean, so that its citizens carried on trade with other countries, "sucking the abundance of the seas," the commerce brought to them in ships. Nobody is quite sure, however, what is the meaning of "treasures hid in the sand." Some think it refers to *glass* which, according to the Roman writer Pliny, was first discovered in this province of Palestine, by some sailors who lit a fire on the sand, and thus by accident, made the glass we all find so useful today. Others think that these "treasures" were small *shellfish* found on the beach, from which dyes were made by boiling them.

Let me take another and rather different meaning from these words. Last summer, when on holiday on the north-east coast of Scotland, I rowed across the mouth of the River Findhorn one day in order to visit the famous Culbin Sands, which lie just south of Nairn, on the Moray Firth. They are a range of pure white hills of sand, over a hundred feet high, and must be the loneliest place in all Scotland. You can walk along for miles in what might well be the Sahara Desert, seeing no living thing except an odd seagull or two, hearing no sound but the constant whispering of the sand as it glides along the surface before the slightest breath of wind. Yet this desolate spot was once called "The Garden of Moray," the most fertile country for many miles around. Nearly three hundred years ago a fierce gale set in from the sea, and sand began to drift over the smiling fields. It grew thicker and thicker, till by morn-

ing the people had to flee for their lives, breaking down the walls to get out of their houses, for the doors were so heaped over that they would not move. They escaped inland, driving their cattle before them; and when the storm abated, in a few days time, and they returned to their homes, it was only to find these buried a hundred feet deep. It was an eerie feeling to walk over these same hills last summer, and remember that deep down below one's feet are a church and a fine mansionhouse, many farms and cottages, orchards and gardens. Sometimes, when the wind has blown from a certain quarter, the top of a chimney, or the bleached stump of a tree has showed itself for a short time above the surface, but quickly disappeared again. Fanciful folks tell you that ghosts walk on the Culbins, and that if you listen you may hear the muffled toll of a church-bell underground. Certainly it is a weird place. I picked up one or two flint arrowheads: but the real treasures of the place, it is safe to say, will never now be recovered.

Is this not a parable of human life? The coming of *sin*, to begin with, is just a gentle sifting-in of sand — nothing to worry about, we think; but, if we build no barriers to protect ourself, perhaps in a single night the pleasant gardens and stately mansions of the soul may be overwhelmed and ruined.

The British Government is trying today to reclaim the Culbins by planting bent-grass, whose strong roots and fibres gradually stretch out, and knit the shifting sand together, so that it is no longer free to drift. And once our soul is buried under a weight of sin, our only hope is to plant there the good seed of the Word of God, that we also drift no longer, but may be bound together, rooted in faith, firmly established by the power of our Heavenly Father.

Chats With the Children

DR. J. W. G. WARD

CHRIST AND THE COUNT

Away back in the seventeenth century, an artist named Stenbure was painting a picture of the Crucifixion. He did not believe in Christ as the world's Redeemer, but he knew that he could find a ready purchaser for a canvas like this. That was the only reason he painted it. It was almost finished when a little gipsy girl, who was acting as model for another painting, happened to come into the studio. She looked at the great picture, and asked simply, "Who is that?" "Christ," replied the artist, carelessly. "Who are all those people with the bad faces, and what are they going to do with Him?" "They are His enemies; they are about to crucify Him. He was

supposed to be the Messiah — so some said — others denied it, but He was dying for the sins of the world."

The gipsy paused a moment. Then she said softly, "You must love Him very much when He has done all that for you." The artist flushed crimson, and bit his lips. He had never thought about things quite like that, and the child's words stung like a whip. He could not forget them. All through the night he could see her luminous eyes, and hear her saying, "You must love Him very much." The next day, and the next, while he completed his picture, he thought about the wondrous love of Christ for all mankind, and before the finishing touches were put to the can-

vas, the artist had surrendered his heart to the great Saviour. All thought of selling the picture was gone. Some wanted to buy it, but he was resolute. Not for any money they might offer would he part with it, but — if the city would accept it as a gift, then he would hand it over. Accept it? They leaped at the chance. And so it was hung in the gallery of Dusseldorf, among the treasures of the people.

Many years had passed. A young nobleman, on his way to Paris, where he had planned to spend some time in frivolity and sinful indulgence, drove into the city. His horses needed water and food; besides, being like you and always having some thought for dumb animals, he knew they would be better for a few hours' rest. So he wandered through the city to see what it was like. He came to the picture gallery. The doors stood open, so he went in. From room to room he went. There was nothing that appealed to him, and he was about to leave, when he caught sight of Stenburg's picture. There stood the majestic figure of Christ. The Count knew the story well enough, although he had never thought very much about the undying love of the Saviour who laid down His life for man's redemption. But there, at the foot of the picture, were the words:

"All this I did for thee;
What hast thou done for me?"

What had the Count done for Christ? Nothing as far as he could remember. He was young and wealthy, but he had followed the bent of his youthful desires; he had used his wealth just for himself. And there, looking into his very soul Jesus seemed to be waiting for an answer. The nobleman's heart was troubled. There were lives he might have blessed with a touch of sympathy; hearts that he might have gladdened with some generous deed or kindly word. But all through the years, his one thought had been for himself. And Christ had done what? He, the King of glory, had stooped to human need. He had laid His loving heart alongside the sorrowful, and brought comfort to the desolate. More than that, He had made Himself one with sinful man. And that the wanderer might find the way back home that the estranged might receive forgiveness and reconciliation, Jesus had endured the mocking and suffering which came before the cross, and then, on Calvary, had given His life for all men.

The Count seemed like a man who had been blind, and to whom sight had suddenly been given. He forgot all about the time. Hour after hour he stood there before the picture, lost in wonder at "love so amazing, so divine." The keeper, going his rounds for the night, came upon the stranger. He coughed to attract his attention; the nobleman did not hear. Then he jingled his keys to show it was closing time; but still the other made no response. At last, he went forward, and touching the visitor on the arm, told him that he must leave, as the gallery had to be shut and everybody had gone. Only then did the Count realize that

he had been there so long. But as he turned away, he had reached a decision. The question painted there on the canvas would receive a worthy answer.

Making his way back to the inn, he met his servant, who was evidently rather upset. "Why sir, we were quite anxious about you. We were afraid you were lost, and we have been making enquiries everywhere for you." "No; not lost," replied the Count, "but found. I shall not need the horses tonight. We shall remain here."

In the quiet of his room, the young nobleman surrendered his life to Jesus Christ. All his wealth, his talents, the love of his resolute young heart — all these he laid gladly at the feet of Christ. That was the turning-point in his life. He never went back on the promise he had given. Quite the contrary. As time went on, he became even more devoted and earnest in the cause of Christ. Can you guess his name? He was Count Zinzendorf, who founded the Moravian Church and set in motion that wonderful endeavor to bring the knowledge of Christ's redemptive love to the heathen world.

The same divine Master looks into your face and mine, saying:

"All this I did for thee;
What hast thou done for Me?"

What shall be our answer? We too are young. We have hearts unsullied and lives unsold. While Christ, in His marvellous mercy, receives the sinful and the outcast to His heart, yet He wants the young even more, that He may fill them with His love and send them forth into the world to live and work for Him. So each of us, remembering Him who loved us and gave Himself for us will take the fine stand that the Count took, and say:

"In the glad morning of life's day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve, and no delay,
Lord of my life, I come."

MAKING FACES

Gen. 4:6. "Why is thy countenance fallen?"

Mr. Hilaire Belloc tells a tale in tragic verse of a little girl who was caught making faces one day when the wind changed:

"Her features took their final mould
In shapes that made your blood run cold."

Maria grows up

"With every talent, every grace
(Save in the trifle of her face)."

And when the time comes for her to marry, her parents hope that her enormous wealth will blind her suitors to her looks. The suitors come in large numbers, ambassadors and papal counts, grand dukes and exiled kings. But all turn away, and in the end Maria marries a neighboring squire, who, being blind, could never guess his wife's appalling ugliness.—*The British Weekly.*

The Homiletic Year — April

REV. WILLIAM HENRY GEISTWEIT, D. D.

PALM SUNDAY

HOLY WEEK

EASTER

THE MONTH OF REALIZATION

Consider John 12:1-10

There are two suppers at the close of the life of Jesus — and the same man spoiled them both: This man rebuked Mary for her extravagance at the supper in Bethany, on the eve of what we call Palm Sunday. He also threw a cloud over the Last Supper; it ended in strange sorrow. It was Judas.

That supper was in the home of the sisters. It was the home of Lazarus, too. It was that Lazarus whose restoration to life became the occasion of Jesus' sentence to death. Mary pours costly perfume upon Jesus — it is the extravagance of love. The answer to the extravagance as given by Moffatt is fine: "She has done a beautiful thing to me . . . she has anticipated the perfuming of my body for burial. I tell you wherever this gospel is preached all over the world, men will speak of what she has done in memory of her."

We are doing it.

Tarry in the Bethany home awhile: Get the fragrance of the spikenard: It is the only place in the whole Book where extravagance is extolled, praised, commended. Jesus had the fragments gathered up when 5000 were fed; but he permitted fifty dollars' worth of perfume to be poured on his feet.

There are times when we must not measure things by any economic standard. Sometimes economics, good business, destroys the finest sentiment of the soul. "The soul is not to be judged and snubbed by the senses; it has laws of its own of which the senses know nothing" (Denney). Lavishness prompted by love may be justifiable.

Generosity is not waste; only when love is lavish does it really grow.

God is ever lavish. Think of the ministry of beauty; The overflow of love — is God's way. Christ is the expression of the unmeasured love of God.

PALM SUNDAY

We must not forget the pathway — from the world's plaudit down through the week of testing and distress, and up to the crowning of Heaven — when Christ arose. We will not forget that the resurrection was out of death; that death came after the fearful testing; the Supper, the Betrayal, the Denial — and the Crucifixion. The glory of the resurrection is by reason of its perspective — what we call Passion Week. We shall come to the

great climax if we walk the pathway that leads to the empty tomb.

Yes, it is His Last Week — but there would be for us no *first week* — had he not had his last week; and the *New Week* — the endless week of the years, when we can sing:

"Death cannot keep its prey,
Jesus my Saviour.
He tore the bars away,
Jesus my Lord" —

is our eternal possession and glory!

Palm Sunday is the day of his earthly exaltation. They are singing "Hosanna in the Highest," as he comes along, riding his lowly animal. It looks as though he would now come to his throne! Surely he is riding on to Victory! And the Roman yoke will be broken, and the Jew shall come to his own! Happy Jew! It is an easy way of conquest — *for Christ has such power!*

But the way that leads home is not that way; that is the human way. Yes, he fought out that thing in the desert, three years before! "All this will I give thee," said the Tempter — "if" —! He fought it out yonder, alone, in his mighty struggle with himself. And he settled it, then, the way to the throne was by way of the cross. It was so for Him; and in a strikingly meaningful way it is so for every soul. The path to glory is the way of the cross! —

"My friend, we never choose the better part,

Until we set the cross up in the heart.

I know I cannot live until I die

Until I am nailed upon it wild and high,

And sleep in the tomb for a full three days dead,

With angels at the feet and at the head,

But then in a greater brightness shall I arise,

To walk with stiller feet below the skies."

— Markham.

Yes, it is Passion Week. It is the way down. It is the mysterious pathway. "For thus is behooved Christ to suffer." There are many ways of observing the week; it may be done most effectively if we trace the story into the garden and up to the cross.

A GOOD FRIDAY SERVICE

(Noon or Night) With Songs and Slides, and Readings.

(These slides are easily accessible from many exchanges throughout the country; or they can be made by any photographer from pictures.)

Song: "In the Cross of Christ I glory."

Prayer.

"Triumphal Entry"—*Plockhorst.*

(Singing: "Ride on in Majesty"—by quartet, while picture is on screen.)

Reader: Zech. 9:9; "The Multitude"—John 12:13; John 12:10.

"Corruption of Judas"—*Prell.*

Interpreter: Briefly describe the picture. Judas and his two tempters met outside the city wall. Note the craftiness; the shrewd touch with the "spidery hand." The clinking silver. The hesitating Judas. Moon is rising. He must decide quickly. A nod of the head—the bargain is finished. The King of the Jews is sold!

"The Last Supper"—*Da Vinci.*

Reader: Read John 14:1-9, 27.

Interpreter: Jesus is seated at a long table with the twelve. "One of you shall betray me." The astounded friends. "Is it I?" Judas clutches the money-bag, looks at the face of Jesus. But Jesus is not looking at him. His face is calm—he is resigned. He is ready for suffering and death.

"The Garden of Gethsemane."

Reader:

"There is a sighing in the pallid sprays
Of these old olives, as if still they kept
Their pitying watch, in Nature's faithful ways,
As on that night when the disciples slept."

"Christ in Gethsemane"—*Hoffman.*

Solo: "'Tis midnight and on Olive's brow."

Reader: Read Lanier's "Ballad of the Trees and the Master."

"The Kiss of Judas"—*Geiger.*

Reader: "And Judas came to Jesus and said: 'Hail Master!' and he kissed him. And Jesus said, 'Friend, betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?'"

Interpreter: Describe the picture—studying the face of Jesus.

"Ecce Homo"—*Ciseri.*

Reader: And Pilate said, "Behold the man."

Interpreter: Describe the picture. How differently they "behold the man." Soldiers see just another prisoner! Pilate's wife see a just man. Chief priests shout their hatred as they look at him—"Crucify him!" Pilate's question comes ringing down the years, "What then shall I do with Jesus who is called Christ?"

"Peter's Denial"—*Harrach.*

Interpreter: Poor Peter! His courage changes to panic. "Art thou also one of his disciples?" He stammers, protests, swears! He utterly collapses! He is a weakling—not a rock!

Choir or quartet: "In the hour of trial"—one verse.

"Remorse of Judas"—*Armitage.*

Interpreter: The picture interprets itself. He has thrown back the money; but he has seared his soul. The three priests scorn him. Judas turns away; he cannot live with his memories! We know what happened.

"Christ in Hands of Soldiers."

Reader: Read Isa. 53:7, 8.

Solo: "O Sacred Head"—two verses.

"The Road to Calvary."

Reader: Read John 10:14.

Choir: "There is a Green Hill"—two verses.

"The Crucifixion"—*Munkacsy.*

Interpreter: Describe the picture.

Solo: "Saviour, Thy Dying Love"—three verses.

Silent prayer.

Solo: Chorus from "A Green Hill Far Away;"

"O Dearly Has He Loved."

"The Descent from the Cross"—*Rubens.*

Choir: "Beneath the cross of Jesus"—verses one and three.

Reader: "When I survey the wondrous cross," etc.

"The Entombment"—*Pigehein.*

Reader: "So they took the body of Jesus, and bound it with linen cloths with the spices, as the custom of the Jews is to bury."

Silent prayer.

Song by congregation—softly: "Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone"—one verse.

Go out quietly.

Note—This service can easily be arranged. The interpretations must be brief. There are pictures many—and can be secured without difficulty. As intimated, they can easily be made by any photographer.

THE DAY OF DAYS

Jesus Christ is risen today—Alleluia!
Our triumphant, holy day—Alleluia!
Who did once upon the cross,
Suffer to redeem our loss,
Alleluia!

* * *

He lives! the great Redeemer lives,
What joy the blest assurance gives,
And now, before his Father, God
He pleads the merits of his blood!

* * *

I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

* * *

"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say
Hell today is vanquished, heaven is won today!
Lo! the dead is living, God forevermore!
Him, their true Creator, all his works adore!

OUR CHRIST

I know not how that Bethlehem's Babe
Could in the Godhead be;
I only know the Manger Child
Has brought God's life to me.
I know not how that Calvary's cross
A world from sin could free
I only know its matchless love
Has brought God's love to me
I know not how that Joseph's tomb
Could solve death's mystery;

I only know a living Christ,
Our immortality.

— Harry Webb Farrington in *The Christian Century*.

* * *

"I am the Resurrection and the Life!
He that believeth in me, though
he were dead, yet shall be live;
And whosoever liveth and believeth
in me shall never die!

* * *

"Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through the cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever Lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own."

— Whittier.

* * *

"If the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead be a veritable historical fact, it is the most commanding fact in the chronology of the world. If the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead be a true substantial historical fact, it is of more importance to you and me and every child of man, than any event that ever occurred since the world began. The coronations of kings and emperors — the glittering pageants of princes — the grand pontifical high masses performed by mitred prelates, in lofty cathedrals, amid the pealing of Te Deums, to celebrate the victories of conquerors — the long processional pomps, in gold and jewels, of royal and imperial and ecclesiastical dignitaries — all the spectacles of magnificence and gorgeousness and grandeur which could possibly be displayed before our eyes would be worth no more than the gew-gaws of children compared with the verification of the historical fact that Jesus of Nazareth rose again from the dead. No historical fact can equal this, in value, for us, for us: no revelation of discovery, ancient or modern, can compare with it in real importance." — Thomas Cooper.

* * *

"If Christ never rose from the dead, this awful vision would have elements of deep reality. If Christ be not risen from the dead, and we are yet in our sins, our faith is vain, and they that have fallen asleep in Christ have perished. All that is most glorious, most beautiful, most inspiring, most holy in the thought and progress of the world has risen, directly or indirectly, from faith in Christ. If He was crucified and did not rise, the Apostles were false witnesses of God, and the world's loftiest hopes were impossibly built upon a delusion, and all that is best slips from us into dust and ashes, and Time becomes

"A maniac scattering dust,
And life a fury slinging flame."

— Farrar.

"Who can explain for us that terrible conflict which rent the soul of the Son of Man that night? What was this bitter cup that He shrank from? We know of the horrible experiences before Him next day. But who knows Him could imagine for a moment that such things should have so disturbed Him? There must have been in that hour, in some way beyond our ken, some awful burden laid by the Sin-bearing for human souls on the sinless soul of the Christ, some deadly conflict with the powers of darkness that after the Temptation 'departed for a season.' Was the season over? Was the Evil One battling again in the supreme contest with God in human flesh?

"He is struggling with Himself, struggling to bend His human will down to the line of duty. And almost failing, one would think. 'Father, if it be possible let the cup pass!' Let the infidel and shallow critic carp at it as weakness. To us it is the touch which brings the human Brother beside us, a man like unto His brethren. He is nearer and dearer to us because of it. He would not be the same to us at all if it cost Him nothing.

"That cup cannot pass. He must win his battle. But we dare not further intrude." — Paterson-Smythe.

IMMORTALITY — A SYMPOSIUM

Looking at the religion of the lower races as a whole, we shall at least not be ill-advised in taking as one of its general and principal elements the doctrine of the soul's future life. — Dr. Tylor, in *Primitive Culture*.

"What strikes one most in looking at this widespread, one may truly say this universal, faith in man's survival of death, is its moral neutrality; All men survive in practically the same condition, whether they are good or bad."

"The history of revelation . . . is the history of a process in which the instinctive belief in man's survival, with all its indifference to moral distinctions, was transformed into the New Testament faith in eternal life for the good, and the eternal loss of the wicked."

"Christians believe in their own resurrection to eternal life because they believe in the Resurrection of Christ. But faith does not depend upon — it does not originate in nor is it maintained by — the Resurrection of Christ, simply as a historical fact. The Resurrection of Christ . . . is a present power in the believer." — Denney.

"I am not unmindful of the fact, or ungrateful for it, that confidence in the future life has become a habit, one might almost say an inveterate habit; and I look upon this as one of the immeasurable blessings of a Christian civilization." — George A. Gordon.

"My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live forevermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is."

— Tennyson.

Great Texts and Their Treatment

REV. WILLIAM HENRY GEISTWEIT, D.D.

THE RISEN CHRIST

"Wherefore we henceforth know no man after the flesh; even though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now we know Him so no more." 2 Cor. 5:16.

A chapter out of Paul's life. The spiritual Christ is greater — more real — to Paul than the Christ after the flesh.

There were those who prided themselves on having seen Jesus in the flesh. "We remember how the Lord Jesus Christ looked; we remember the tones of his voice; we remember when he came to the village in which we used to live; we often heard him teach in the Temple. We did not receive the Christian gospel from Apollos or Peter, but from the Lord Jesus Christ himself."

But — what does it matter that we remember his face, his voice, his manner, his dress? He is not . . . a fellow countryman . . . whose brothers and sisters we knew . . . He is the Eternal Son of God . . . His earthly life has passed into a larger, more glorious life.

Paul's gospel began where the gospel of those who knew Christ after the flesh ended; it began with the sufferings and death of Christ.

We shall miss the substance of our message if we know Christ after the flesh, and have nothing more to tell men than the story of his earthly life and ministry.

It is well to know the historical Jesus. But — pass on, see him descend into the mystery of death; wait and watch for his emergence from the abysses of darkness; join in the songs with which the Church hails his resurrection!

It is an immeasurable evil to inflict on Christendom the exhausted, suffering, agonized form of Christ on the cross — and so deprive church members of the animation and courage inspired by the knowledge that He is now on the throne of the Eternal.

But — it is not enough that we cease to know Christ after the flesh. The fires of Missionary enthusiasm may burn low . . . unless we are able to say "We henceforth know no man after the flesh." (We are to see all men as Christ sees them.) Through our hands it is He who is raising the fallen; through our lips it is He who is speaking words of consolation to the wretched, and word of immortal hope to the despairing. — R. W. Dale.

THE BURNING HEART

"Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way?" Luke 24:32.

Matthew Arnold defined religion as morality touched with emotion. The gospel's deepest

appeal is to the heart — not to the reason, or in telligence.

The resurrection set men's hearts aburning. There is a great glow in the story after the resurrection. Did not our heart burn within us?

In the burning of the heart lies the great secret of Christian progress. Mohammed conquered — but with the sword. Buddha lulled men to dreams of infinite quietude. But Jesus conquers — by the burning heart.

These two men on the Emmaus road had burning hearts not by learning what was new, but by a new interpretation of the old. When Jesus met them he led them to the old texts, and irradiated them — until their hearts began to burn.

What was it? Immediate contact with a living Person; with the Lord Jesus Christ, made their hearts burn as they journeyed to Emmaus on that momentous day. — G. H. Morrison.

THE DAY WHICH THE LORD MADE

"This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it." Psa. 118:24.

A day of Victory.

A day of rejoicing.

A day of remembrance. — Hastings.

"The women sought the tomb at dawn of day, And as they went they wept and made their moan:

'His sepulchre is guarded by a stone, And who for us shall roll the stone away?'

But lo! — an Angel, robed in white array,

Had rent the rock and sat thereon alone.

'Fear not,' said he; 'the Lord hath overthrown The power of Death: I show you where He lay.'

We echo oftentimes that cry of old:

Huge stumbling-blocks confront us whilst we wait

And wonder, weeping, who will help afford: But as we question sorrowing, behold!

The stone is rolled away, though it is great, And on it sits the Angel of the Lord."

ALIVE FOREVERMORE

"I was dead and behold I am alive forevermore." Rev. 1:18.

We laugh with glee at Christmas — for we have looked into a cradle. We do not laugh at Easter — for we have looked into a grave. It is an empty grave — but there are tears of joy instead of rippling laughter.

He was either the first fruits of them that sleep in death — or the final hopeless failure of humanity's cry — "If a man die shall he live again?"

Only in the light of the endless life can we maintain self-respect. Easter gives the final seal of God on the value of the human soul.

"The New Testament declares the spiritual nature, the permanent continuance, the infinite value, the boundless possibility of man" (Fosdick).

We are not on a raft—going nowhere. We are on a ship guided and directed toward a haven, a port. The man who considers himself going nowhere has an aimless, lifeless, character; he is drifting on a raft. The man who believes he is going *somewhere* has a goal; he believes that some day he will round the cape, and turn his boat into a harbor; he is a man of dignity and self-respect.

Three things to consider:

1. *The circumstance of death.*
Fact; not an illusion; not a "habit" to be rid of; a stubborn fact.
2. *The consequence of death.*
Disturbs life work, hopes, dreams, plans; breaks into the social order; man prepares against it: insures life, plans for those he leaves behind.
These consequences are not final: an eternal hope sustains; which leads to —
3. *The continuity of life.*
"Because I live ye shall live also."
The man dies—but he went *somewhere*! "My Father's house."

The sure evidence is Jesus: "If it were not so I would have told you." "Alive forevermore."
The human heart does not lie: it believes in immortality.

"There were no atheists in the trenches."

Jesus did not create immortality; he brought it to light. He brought that world near; he has the keys of death and the grave — *and unlocked them both!*

The Christian has settled the issue of death, and goes on rarely thinking of it; he doesn't have to think of it.

Our concern: Not death, but life — eternal life! Here is the appeal of immortality — to live nobly, a worthwhile life.

Is Christianity played out? Not as long as Jesus has the Keys of death and the grave! Give him a chance!

After a long life of service Paul said, "I am now ready — a crown awaits me." Not long ago a noted entertainer lay dying; there was a phonograph in the room. He said to the nurse, "Play 'Bubbles.'" A crown of righteousness or "bubbles"—which? — *W.H.G.*

THE RESURRECTION

"I am the resurrection and the life." John 11:25.

"If a man die shall he live again?" Job 14:14.

When the anxious hearts say "Where?"
He doth answer, "In my care."

"Is it life, or is it death?"
"Wait," he whispers, "Child, have faith."

"Did they need love's tenderness?"
"Is there love like mine to bless?"

"Were they frightened at the last?"
"No, the sting of death is past."

"Did a thought of home-love rise?"
"I looked down through Mother-eyes."

"Saviour, tell us, where are they?"
"In my keeping, night and day."

"Tell us, tell us, how it stands."
"None shall pluck them from my hands."

Battleground of Christianity is not at the Manger; but at an empty tomb, outside a city wall. "If Jesus was unique," says Prof. William Lyon Phelps, "unlike any other person, it is not illogical to believe that his birth was unique; but if simply a good man, then the Christian religion loses its foundation." Even so; but the battleground is not at the manger, but on the verdict of the empty tomb.

Did Jesus rise from the dead? He said he would; he *did* rise or he *didn't*! His death was not a swoon; not a disciples' story; not a vision; not a spiritual thing: it was a physical thing, or there was no resurrection from the dead.

We cannot get on without it. If the good tidings stopped at Bethlehem, there were no good tidings at all. The manger-cradle moved into a tomb; all cradles do. But if that Manger, moving to a tomb, did not issue in an empty tomb — the good tidings of the Bethlehem hills become the sorest mockery ever suffered by a broken-hearted world.

The resurrection of Jesus declares:

A present conquering Lord.

The endurance of personality.

The triumph of the Kingdom of God.

Jesus will triumph; the holy city comes down out of heaven adorned like a bride; the tabernacle of God is with men; and he shall dwell with them.

Even so, come Lord Jesus; thy Kingdom come.
— *W.H.G.*

THAT LAST HYMN

"And when they had sung a hymn they went out into the mount of Olives." Matt. 26:30.

A startlingly brave thing to do. They sang — into a garden of agony; into a garden of betrayal; into the garden of arrest; into the face of trial; crucifixion, death! He knew what was coming, and he sang as he faced it!

Our religion is the only religion that can be set to music. When you are asked to believe some philosophy, or faith, find out whether it can be set to music. Does it give a song in the night? Does it give a song in the Valley of Achor? Does it take the soprano of pain, the alto of grief, the tenor of anguish, the bass of death, and harmonize them into music of faith and hope, and help us to sing, "A Mighty Fortress is Our God," "I know that My Redeemer Liveth?" Heathen music is all in the minor strain, and knows no joy.

At the funeral of the great agnostic Ingersoll, the papers said, "There was no music." No — infidelity cannot sing itself into any heart.

Paul and Silas sang in the prison, and the harmonies shook the building, and the doors were opened! "And the prisoners heard!"

Consider the music in Isa. 61:1-3; also, Isa. 55:12, 13.

Heaven has all the music; there is no music *down there!*

Look again: Isa. 35:10. Aye, ours is the only religion that can set sorrow to music, and music to sorrow, and transform it into the harmonies of heaven.

"Where is my Maker who giveth songs in the night?"

Come to the feast of song! — *W.H.G.*

THE CROSS

At the center of the Christian system is the cross. Where the cross is not there is no Christianity.

The cross faces the eternal fact in human life; it doesn't dodge it; faces it; closes in with it: — the fact of sin!

The cross meets the challenge of evil. It says, "Bring all the facts in; no matter how dark, how dreadful, how damnable." The Cross says, "I can clean it all out."

Our religion faces the worst, and rejoices in its power to redeem the whole universe.

Consider Isa. 1:18; also 1 John 2:2.

Yes: It is a revelation of heroism; but heroism could not heal the moral sore of the world. A man stained with sin needs something else; he is sick, blind, undone, he can't follow an Example. The Cross grapples with the great curse of the world, the sin-cancer, *and cures it!*

So it comes to pass that Jesus becomes the Saviour of the world, not by his beautiful life, but by his sacrificial death.

It is a great mystery; but we will not permit the mystery to disturb the blessed ministry.

What is my interest in the cross? Have we outgrown it? Is it only a beautiful exhibition of devotion? Then the dynamic has gone out of life, out of our message. It is by way of the cross, set free from the grip of sin, that we enter upon — rise up in — the life of Him who is our Life.

"The old rugged cross." — *W.H.G.*

Immortality is a destiny, rather than a riddle. Live immortality. Choose; do not argue. To live for Eternity is much, but to live Eternity is more. If you do not believe in immortality you cannot live it. If you are not living an immortal life you are living something different and inferior. — *Forsyth.*

FRUITFULNESS THROUGH DEATH

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and die, it abideth by itself alone; but if it die, it beareth much fruit." John 12:24.

The scripture has to do with the visit of the Greeks to see Jesus. The reply of Jesus — or, better, the remark of Jesus — was directly contrary to Greek idealism. "Self-culture and self-enjoyment were the master-words with the Greeks —

the chief good of human life, the supreme aim, the ruling bent of the whole Greek world, as we may learn from their literature, their art, their political economy, their social and civic institutions; from which we may also learn how miserably, in pursuing this aim, they fell short of the aims for which man was created and made: So that in calling them to substitute self-renunciation for self-culture, and self-sacrifice for self-gratification, the Lord Jesus was virtually asking them to reverse the whole bent of their thought and conduct, and to set before themselves an ideal the very opposite to that which they had hitherto pursued."

I. Death the condition of fruitfulness in Nature.

II. Death the condition of fruitfulness in the life of Christ.

III. Death to self the condition of fruitfulness in the Christian life. — *Hastings.*

IF HE HAD BEEN THE GARDENER

"She supposing him to have been the gardener." John 20:15.

It is a far reach from Bethany to Calvary; but we must make it. The Child born in Bethlehem lived, wrought, and died. These are the facts. Jesus is a historical fact — that is no longer disputed — by intelligent men.

The cradle is a wonderful thing; the world is thrilled by it; but the Cross — the tomb, the empty tomb, is more wonderful. The test is in the Garden, not in the Stable.

There is much stumbling at the cradle; I have often thought that he who stumbles at the cradle will never reach the cross. But the crucial thing is that morning of the third day after he was buried.

In the dull gray morning a woman was standing near the tomb — weeping. A man approached her and asked her why she was weeping. And she, apparently without looking up, supposed the man was the gardener. Suddenly the Man said to her — "Mary." He wasn't the gardener; he was the risen Man.

"Rabboni!"

What if he had been the gardener?

No broken tomb; no risen Christ! Just another disappointment; another shattered hope. Just another grave — like all the rest; and there are so many graves; the darkest is where Hope lies buried.

What if he had been the gardener?

Only a promise — with a great disappointment. A Blank Bible. (If you can get hold of an old book, "When It Was Dark," be sure to read it — now.)

If he had been the gardener —

What the children would have missed.

What the world of suffering would have missed!

No inspirations; no enthusiasms.

Life was a living death — when He came.

What if he had been the gardener?

The cross would be the darkest mystery; now it is the greatest appeal in human experience. The world is led on today by those who are fol-

lowing the cross; the emblem of sacrifice, but also the assurance of victory.

What if he had been the gardener?

No future outlook.

No Father's house; no mansions; no hope beyond.

But he wasn't the gardener!

"Mary! Mary! I am not the gardener."

"Rabboni!"

How shall we prove it?

The universal testimony; a personal experience; he still lives — *he liveth in me!*

Sing: "Jesus the very thought of thee."

Sing: "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds."

Try him — today. Test the Resurrection Christ by following after him. "Reach hither thy hand." Test him — now! — G.

Sermon Outlines

Rev. J. E. WILLIAMSON

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"The common people heard him gladly." Mark 12:37.

Introduction — A mistaken reading of Scripture is often responsible for grievous errors. To take a text without regard to the context is often a pretext for something that might have been said if the text had not been there.

Why? — Why did the common people listen to Jesus with gladness? Was it because He preached a Gospel acceptable to the common people? Is there something wrong in our presentation of the Gospel now, in these days of half-empty churches? Let us look into this matter.

When? — When did the common people hear Jesus gladly? That day when he upset the Pharisees and discomfited the Scribes. The Scribes and Pharisees were their sworn foes. So the common people listened with delight, and applauded the words of Jesus with hilarity and glee. It was so delightful to see their foes dealt with in this fashion.

Where? — Not in Nazareth, where He was brought up. There they tried to kill Him. Not in Capernaum, where He exercised such a gracious ministry. He cried: "Woe," on Capernaum, Bethsaida, Chorazin, cities filled with common people, because of their unrepentant attitude. Not in Jerusalem. There they cried: "Not this man, but Barrabas," and Barrabas was a robber. It is true they crowned Jesus in Jerusalem, but remember it was a crown of thorns, fit emblem for One of whom they cried: "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"

How? — How was it that the rich young ruler went away sorrowful? How was it that when many turned away from following Him He turned to the Disciples and said: "Will ye also go away?" How was it that Judas betrayed him? That Peter denied Him? That others forsook Him and fled?

* * *

Has the temper of the common people changed by the passing of the years? Let us make a comparison.

Then — A comparative few to whom the kindness of Jesus was so overwhelming continued to listen, even when He pressed on the conscience high ideals and arduous duties, but with the New Testament open before us we see that it is a monstrous perversion of the facts we find there to maintain that the common people of Palestine accepted gladly the teaching of Jesus the Son of God.

It is true that He had His period of passing popularity, but at last He cried: "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! how often would I . . . but ye would not."

Now — Let us face the facts, and avoid illusions as much as we can. Human nature still shrinks from the cross. Jesus is still heard gladly when His teaching fits the programme in hand, and bolsters up the pet theory. All parties claim Him then. But when it comes to accepting Him as Saviour, Sovereign, Master, Lord . . . the crowd disperses. A Teacher of high ideals and uncomfortable commandments, who says: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily." . . . That teaching is not very popular, even now.

CHRIST AS A VISITOR

1. "I must abide at thy house." Luke 19:5.
2. "He made as though he would go further." Luke 24:28.
3. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." Rev. 3:20.

Note 1. Christ invites Himself. 2. He waits to be invited. 3. He stands outside, knocks and waits for the door to be opened.

A careful reading of the context shows that we have here three distinct cases. 1. A man too conscious of being an outsider to invite Jesus, but yet anxious for His presence and help. Zaccheus, chief of the publicans, and very rich, forgot his dignity in his heart hunger, and Jesus threw dignity to the winds, and invited Himself, that He might minister to the hungry heart of Zaccheus.

2. Disciples, sad and lonely, disappointed and distressed, spoke of the Christ in whom they had put their trust, but failed to recognize Him when He drew near. He opened to them the Scriptures, and then when they were at the end of their journey, "made as though He would go further," thus giving them the opportunity to constrain Him to abide with them, making Himself known to them in the breaking of the bread.

3. A church which bore His name, but had lost its sense on need. It had His name, but lacked His presence. He was "outside," and wanted to be inside. There is no spiritual force when Christ is kept outside. Yet as Holman Hunt pointed out, when it was remarked that his picture "The Light of the World," showed no latch to the door outside which the Saviour stood, the latch is inside. He respects the privacy of the interior, and "knocks." "If any man will open."

Surely we have here a study of Christ as Visitor that has lessons for all preachers, who have to deal with outsiders, disciples and churches.

Mid-Week Topics

REV. W. SCOTT STRANAHAN, D.D.

MODERN GOLIATHS. 1 Sam. 17:40-9.

When David killed Goliath the Philistines were beaten. The battle was really won when the champion of the enemy was killed. The strength of the foe was concentrated in the great, brutal, vain-glorious giant. As long as that mighty mountain of a warrior obstructed their pathway the army of Israel had no hope.

I. *The Modern Goliath.*

Is there any parallel for that situation today, any one great evil that embodies the spirit of the rest, that concentrates and personifies the selfishness, the brutality, the oppression which continually trouble the children of men? Is it not a fact that the final and supreme strength of any social evil that the forces of religion seek to destroy, lies in the fact that it was profitable to those who are engaged in it, and to many others who are related to it. While the churches are seeking to end the illegal liquor traffic they find that they must fight it as a money-making institution after they had long tried to destroy it by appealing to men to stop drinking. Why are men callous to the consequences of child labor, save for the fact that money is derived from the slavery of children? Long ago Jesus warned men that the final enemy of their souls was mammon. Today, this insolent giant, this greatest opponent of the spiritual life challenges the kingdom of God. Those who seek the extension of that kingdom are continually confronted with the fact that a large area of human life has been organized as a struggle for the possession of material things. The recognition of this fact means that if mammon can be destroyed and its worship eliminated from the earth, there will then be a fighting chance to overcome the other enemies of humanity who are now massing for protection behind the brutal, powerful, selfish god of gold.

II. *New Weapons.*

Those who now battle for God and humanity will do well, like David, not to encumber themselves with arms to which they are unaccustomed. In our attacks upon social evils the churches can put their hands upon weapons to which they are as well accustomed as was the shepherd youth to his sling and the stones from the brook. Man in his struggle against the ancient enemies of war and disease, poverty and criminality, turns with hope toward forces that have not yet been engaged in the battle. The spread of education and of a better standard of living promises the accession of forces of great strength to the attack upon the evils of life. Another new force enters the field as organized religion turns its attention to social wrongs. The churches are directly attacking social injustice. The great strength of the Interchurch World Movement promises victory in seeking the application of Christianity to industrial relations.

"It is great to be out where the fight is strong,

To be where the heaviest troops belong
And to fight there for man and God;

"Oh, it seems the face, and it tires the brain,
It strains the arms 'till one's friend is Pain,
In the fight for man and God.

"But it's great to be out where the fight is strong,
To be where the heaviest troops belong
And to fight for man and God."

* * *

JESUS BRINGING PEACE. Mark 4:35-41; 5:15-20.

I. *A Troubled Sea.*

One cannot avoid the feeling on reading our lesson even hastily that the account fits amazingly into the immediate period. Surely there is in the world a devil that must be cast out by the power that makes for righteousness. Surely again the problem of food control and coal control, with the mounting prices and the far too many revelations of unjust extortion and low wages, would indicate that the Gadarenes who prefer hogs to men have not been confined to one province and one century. Our world needs a Christ who can say, "Peace be still" to the troubled waves of unrest, indifference, crime and unbelief that threaten the very structure of our Christian civilization; a Christ that can exorcise the evil spirit that has been rending, not one, but millions of men; and a Christ who is equal to the still greater task of casting out a demoniac greed that puts property interests above human interests.

It is suggestive that we find in Mark's narrative the same double manifestation of Christ that so often occurs in the gospel accounts — the peculiar mingling of the divine and human touches. We find Christ asleep on a pillow in the stern of the ship, asleep in spite of the fact that the waves are beating into the vessel to the point of danger. The weary Lord drops into sleep so profound that the great storm does not awaken him. What the tempests cannot do the frightened voices of disciples accomplish. The strange thing is that the sleeping man speaks to the waves and bids them be still and there is calm. It would be a revealing Bible study to read the accounts of Christ's life and to note how often and even how constantly these two phases, the human and the divine, appear in close company. The Apostles' Creed speaks of Him as conceived by the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary.

II. *The Raging Sea and Raging Man.*

Our Lord goes from the meeting with the raging sea to encounter the raging man. Usually in our speech about the stilling of the tempest we soon leave the sea of waters and reach the sea of humanity. The angry billows are beating against men and Jesus is the stiller of the spiritual tumult. If Christ calms the ocean but cannot calm the heart the lesson of the miracle loses its greatest

force. The premier question is not, What can Christ do with the waves of the sea? but rather, What can Christ do with a life that is beaten and tossed? The answer is that He is their Saviour. The man who stilled the sea can bring calm to the raging heart.

III. *The Raging World.*

Apply this miracle, socially, giving it a wider lesson. The tumultuous world will not be brought to its final calm until it really hears the voice of Christ saying, "Peace be still!" There may be peace of compromise, or nations may be beaten or tortured into submission; but the real peace of the world resides in Christ and in Christ alone. "The wisdom that is from above is first pure and then peaceable." The Bethlehem peace is promised only among men of "good will." The great calm will not arrive until the world gets the word of purity and healing from Christ and finds that word the prelude to lasting peace.

When the Golden Rule becomes the organizing principle of life for the individual and for society, then the storms of war will be stilled, and the evil spirits of autocracy and greed, of power and profit will be cast out of both government and industry.

* * *

ETERNAL LIFE. (Easter). John 14:1-24.

I. *What is Death?*

One truth is clear: Death is not the end of life. When God created man he gave him the desire for life and we have been calling this desire "the great instinct." Man will go to the antipodes, spend fortunes, suffer agonies, brave anything to save life. This is sometimes due to a belief that death if it comes will be a great calamity and it must be deferred as long as possible.

This is a false conception of death. Jesus finds in death something entirely different. Death is but the parting of the soul and body. Many Christians have come to feel with that brave soul, Alan Seegar, who wrote while on the fighting line in the great war, in which he and millions of others of our best youth gave up their lives, "Death is nothing terrible after all; it may mean something even more wonderful than life itself."

II. *The Secret.*

What is it that makes men face death without fear? The voice of nature invites us to watch the change in seasons for the secret. In the autumn the flowers wither, the trees lose their leaves and life, and cold and leafless, all are enshrouded in sleet and snow. But all winter long beneath the shroud lies the body soon to be wooed back to life again. Spring shall speak and all shall come forth again into life. Perhaps this is not a very good analogy and nature's voice does not tell us much but at least she confirms other voices. The voice of revelation adds its testimony: "In my Father's house are many mansions — I go to prepare a place for you." Compared with the total amount of his teaching on different subjects Jesus said little about death and the resurrection, yet the belief in immortality underlay and, in a measure, per-

meated all that He said and thought. The voice of instinct speaks for immortality. The soul of man craves a deathless existence, and reason supports the instinct by asserting that the body of man limits action, hinders thought and in general handicaps the whole man so man should have an opportunity to live without this handicap.

III. *Easter.*

The fathers called it "God's Day." Its more popular name is from the Saxon "Eoster"—to rise—and no land nor people have a monopoly on the day and that for which it stands. All ancient peoples had their sacred festival of spring and ever sang their songs of resurrection. Easter was first a purely natural and human festival. It tells of new life rising out of old. But the Christian festival differs from the pagan in one important feature. It is eternal. It celebrates the victory over a false view of death.

IV. *How to Gain the Endless Life.*

Life is a sort of workshop in which we carve out a soul. Part of what we are we have inherited. We must work with what we have received, but there are some things that may be had for the asking. Jesus taught that here and now, man, through faith in him might enter into eternal life. "He that hath the son hath eternal life." To have lived with and for Christ is the assurance that we shall live always. "Christ in you—" that is the beginning of eternal life. So going to God is not a great journey. God is here. Endless life has begun. Heaven is within you.

"Oh chime of sweet Saint Charity
Peal soon that Easter morn
When Christ for all shall risen be
And in all hearts new born!

"That Pentecost when utterance clear
To all men shall be given
When all can say 'My Brother' here
And there 'My Son' in heaven."

* * *

TRUE FREEDOM. Jno. 8:24-36. Mark 7:24-37.

I. *The New Freedom.*

"Deliverance to the captives" was one of the purposes of the ministry of Jesus expressed in his opening sermon at Nazareth, and well did He fulfill that purpose. He brought freedom in different ways to differing needs. The sinful He released from the bondage of evil. The suffering He emancipated from the bondage of pain. To those who are seeking righteousness He brought freedom from authority. He cut away the tradition that was wrapping religion in the garments of the grave. One new freedom after another has come to those who have followed Jesus. They have been emancipated from servitude to emperors, popes and crowds. Today, as ever, He would set men free from the dead hands of the past, from the paralyzing grip of institutions that have outlived their usefulness. The liberty that comes to those who follow his teaching is no mere breaking of outer chains; it is an inner freedom. His teaching is a continuous emancipat-

ing principle. It brings that freedom which is the beginning of democracy, and the foundation of true religion.

II. A New Authority.

The liberty of the gospel is not license. Jesus destroyed the traditions of the rulers, but He fulfilled the law and the prophets. For legal authority He substituted the compulsion of motive. His yoke is easy, but it is yet a yoke. He never asked men to submit their conscience to the control of rulers. Luther declared that he would be free from emperor, pope and university, but he ended by coming dangerously near to making himself emperor, pope and university over the consciences and minds of his followers. Jesus never did a thing like that. He declared that the spirit which would come after him should lead men into all truth. Hence He is the only liberating master, the only emancipating teacher. He asks his followers not to accept a complete system, but to develop and apply principles.

III. Clearing the Way.

Always there are men and institutions across the path of freedom, and always they must be brushed aside. Jesus was compelled to overthrow the power and authority of the Pharisees, the scribes and the lawyers. He could not avoid their obstruction of the Kingdom. Because He did not attack the Roman government many have argued that therefore his followers should not trouble themselves with earthly oppressions. But Jesus' attitude to the Pharisees is an example of another sort. These oppressors of the people He could reach and deal with. The Roman government was beyond his immediate power yet his principles made it impossible for the absolute

Roman government to continue. All despotism is finally destroyed by his emancipating word. Yet his emphasis is on getting men free, not on overturning the oppressors. There is danger when this emphasis is reversed. A recent writer pictures Judas with his keen mind interpreting the purpose of Jesus to be the overthrow of the Roman oppressors "by thrusting them into the sea, by breaking their empire in pieces and humbling them so that they whisper out of the dust." After a moment's silence Jesus turned. "Will that end oppression?" He asked and waited for a reply. But none came.

IV. The Highest Freedom.

When attention is fixed on the overturning of oppressors often a worse bondage is found. When the desire for freedom comes first it leads to emancipation from one's own nature. Here evil has its last seat of authority. The self-conscious working class declare that chattel slavery has been succeeded by industrial slavery. A recent book depicts our whole industrial system resting upon the bondage of those who toil underground in the mines. The oppression of a section of the working class is like that of Israel in Egypt. Yet one of the chief reasons why their bondage endures is because like Israel, coming out of Egypt, they long for its fleshpots, and worship, like their oppressors, the golden image.

The highest of all freedoms is the freedom to serve. Only those who have subdued themselves in service to the common good, can emancipate mankind. Here is where the yoke of Jesus is easy and his burden is light, because it coincides with man's deepest need and highest aspiration, because it emancipates him from himself and makes him able to set others free.

Sermons

Our Growing Experience of Jesus Christ

REV. HAROLD FRANCIS BRANCH, D.D.

"Ye call me Lord and Master, and ye say well for so I am." John 13:13.

We make a mistake in reading into the initial experience of the disciples with the Lord Jesus Christ any mystic or strange element. Before their relationship with Him closed, they were amazed and well nigh overwhelmed by the mystery of his transcendent personality, but it began in the most casual way. The development of their understanding and appreciation of Him is made fascinatingly clear in the Greek names by which they addressed Him. There were seven successive titles which they applied to him; seven vascular Greek words which revealed the blooming of their souls and the opening of their eyes. The English New Testament translates these seven words invariably as Lord, Teacher or Master, but they mean much more than that. They epitomize the seven stages through which the spiritual experience

of these men ran, and mark, in a clear and definite way, the course which, since that time, has been followed by every lover of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I.

The first term by which they addressed him is *Rabbi*. This word was used by the disciples of John as they hesitantly approached Jesus Christ. (John 1:38). It was used also by the curious and hungry people who followed him for the loaves and fishes. Jesus rebuked these folks because he saw that there was no earnestness in their seeking (John 6:25). It was the term that was used by Judas when he betrayed Him (Mark 14:45). It was a term of honor, but expressed no warmth of friendship, no deep acquaintance of understanding. It was a term of hearsay, of hesitancy, of distant connection, of aloofness, of formality, of respect, of coldness. There was in it no warm

love. It is a term used always by those who are only slightly, if at all, acquainted with Him.

As their experience grew, we find them using a second term.

II.

Didaskalos. This word is also translated — teacher — in the English New Testament, but it refers not to the teacher, but to the content of his teaching; not so much to the man as to what the man says. It is the word used by Jesus when he speaks of Himself as teacher (John 13:13). It is the word used by Nicodemus (John 3:2). It is the word used by the rich young ruler (Matthew 19:16). It means that these men had found in the teaching of Christ the note of authority and futurity they missed in the teaching of the Scribes and the Pharisees. Almost wistfully they used the word. They were seeing in Him a great new truth. No longer is He Rabbi. He has become *Didaskalos*.

But still, as their experience deepens, they apply to Him a third word.

III.

Epistates. The word means one who is a guide in the work which we are doing. It was the word used by the disciples when He directed them as to the casting of their nets (Luke 5:5). It means that in Christ they were discovering the one who directs the daily toil, the one by whom we check the work in which we are engaged; the one who is our standard and daily guide! If one cannot speak of Christ as *Epistates* in regard to his work, it is time to change his work. This truth which they have discerned in Him becomes the standard of their work.

One of the remarkable things about John Paton was the abiding consciousness he had of the daily and guiding presence of Christ in his work. Nash the Clothier, has felt it and John J. Egan, of the American Cast Iron Pipe Company, has felt it. These men know that Christ is *Epistates*.

IV.

But it is not long until we find them speaking to Him and of Him in a fourth term which describes in a fascinating way the growth of their souls. They refer to Him as *Kathegetes* — one who is an introducer to new work. He leads us in our ordinary work, and then, as He called Matthew from the tax desk, as He called others from their fishing to set them at the work of fishing for men, so He sets us at new tasks and becomes to us — *Kathegetes*. It is the term used by Christ, Himself when he declares "One is your master, even Christ" (Math. 23:8).

I held recently a conference with a young man who said to me, "I feel that God has blessed me in my work, but I cannot escape the conviction that He wants me to be a minister." That young chap was travelling, in his own personal experience, the road trod so long ago by these disciples. Christ was blessing him in the thing he was doing, but was calling him out to new and

more important work. He was passing from *Epistates* to *Kathegetes*.

V.

But the experience of these disciples did not stop there. As His providence became manifest; as His leading made itself clear in the new work to which He had called them, they became amazed at the way in which things fell out for them, and they applied to Him that title of great reverence and respect — *Kurios*, Lord! It is the word that fell from the lips of Peter (Luke 5:8).

A friend of mine was describing, recently, his wonderful experience of the providence of God when, feeling himself called to the ministry, he gave up a profitable position, and, with a family to support, and his expenses in school to pay, undertook to fit himself for the work to which he felt Christ had called him. His experience was one of perfect amazement as he saw the way in which God led and provided for his necessity. His story, however, may be duplicated many, many times. He is *Kurios*. Having called us to new work (*Kathegetes*) we pass on, as did His disciples, until He becomes, to us, *Kurios*.

VI.

But still their experience grew, and it is not long before they call Him, *Despotes*. The term is used by the early church (Acts 4:24), and by the martyrs (Rev. 6:10). It means despot, absolute owner, and denotes utter surrender to Him. Only in utter surrender to Him do we find life. To no other person in the universe would it be safe to surrender ourselves, but to Him we may surrender with perfect confidence. Losing our lives to Him and for Him, we save them.

VII.

The seventh and final term which expresses the climax of this spiritual growth on the part of the disciples in their relationship to Christ is expressed in the word — *Theos*. It is used by Thomas in John 20:28, and means God or an object of worship. It is the peak of spiritual development in one's relationship to Christ. To those who are strangers, He is *Rabbi*. To those who see a gleam of new and striking truth in his teaching, he is *Didaskalos*. To those who discover His interest and concern in their daily toil and who find in Him the standard by which they measure their work, He is *Epistates*. To those who hear His call out into new work, He is *Kathegetes*, and amazed at His providence as they do that work, they call Him *Kurios*. Yielding themselves utterly to Him, they call Him *Despotes*, and finally they discover in Him God, and calling Him *Theos*, they worship Him. No man's spiritual development is satisfactory to Christ until it brings them to *Theos*! Nothing less will satisfy Jesus Christ or a man's own soul.

It is a brief statement of the spiritual experience of men as they relate themselves to the Lord Jesus Christ.

No one will be troubled about the deity of

Christ who will surrender to Him their life. It is a significant thing that those who were closest to Him were troubled, not about His deity, but about *His humanity*. And the first heresy of the

church was an attempt to set aside His humanity! If we do His will, we shall know the doctrine, and we, too, will pass through these stages until we call Him *Theos*.

The Great Adventure

REV. CLAUDE ALLEN McKAY, D.D.

"Simon Peter said unto him, 'Lord, whither goest thou?' Jesus answered him, 'Whither I go thou canst not follow me now but thou shalt follow me afterward.'" John 13:36.

Life is an adventure—marvelous in variety and scope, awesome, often fearsome. It is an adventure none can refuse to take. One may be pushed along by a blind fate, or drift with a haunting fear, or he may go with the confident assurance of Christian faith. But life is an adventure.

What a momentous pilgrimage is that upon which every human being embarks—like the baby Moses set afloat in his ark of bulrushes on the sacred Nile. So we launch on childhood's peaceful stream, later to emerge into adolescent's stormy current, then into a strong steady manhood or womanhood, or into a ripe maturity, and on into life's sunset—and then, ah! beyond the sunset, life's greatest adventure beckons.

It is a mistake to think that the only adventure is beyond death's vale. Every day is an adventure. Always we live on the threshold of vast, unknown possibilities, awaiting some wise and courageous explorer.

However, it is to that part of life's adventure which lies beyond the mystic border we call "Death" to which Easter bids us give our attention, and of which Peter spoke, saying, "Lord, whither goest thou?" And Jesus answered, "Whither I go thou canst not follow me now, but thou shalt follow me afterward."

Speak, *History*, and tell us, "Is this adventure beyond life's sunset a new or strange subject for man's consideration?" And tell us, *History*, "What have earth's greatest souls said? What have been the deep and abiding convictions with which they lived and for which they were willing to die?"

History's answer is, "According to my records, man always and everywhere has believed in immortality. Often it has been dim and poor; nevertheless he has held a faith which had to be reckoned with when his friends died and to which he could look forward through all the trials and struggles of life."

"And earth's greatest souls have cherished this faith. Homer sang for the Greeks and Virgil for the Romans, Dante voiced the faith of the Italians and Goethe for the Germans. Milton and Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning, Lowell and Emerson, Whittier and Bryant wrote as few could write in our English language their strong, clear beautiful faith in the life beyond the vale. And Philosophers, from Socrates and Plato to Immanuel Kant and Rudolph Eucken, have given

their testimony to the same great tenet of faith—the faith that man's greatest pilgrimage lies beyond the grave."

Persistently, thoughtful men have sincerely and seriously asked, "Can the individual make that transition and go on?" Sir Oliver Lodge, one of England's noted scientists, says, "The individual is not the body any more than the picture is the canvas and pigments. The picture is a subtle something that is not physical and yet is represented by the physical. So the individual is immanent in the physical, yet transcends the physical."

I am walking in the woods when at my feet I see a broken and abandoned shell. Shall I gather up these physical remains of that little blue egg and mourn over it? No; its living tenant is yonder, swinging on a leafy bough and singing of freedom, life and love. O, yes, the time was when that little creature could not have lived an hour without this physical house, but those earth-bound days are over. It has entered on a new life as God has ordained, more marvelous than man could even imagine.

When the early Christians at Corinth wrote Paul with a multitude of questions about death and the resurrection, he answered in the language of the field. You will remember he wrote, something like this, "If a man sow grain in a field, the God-given life in that grain of wheat comes forth into a new form of life. And when you harvest the grain, it is not that body which was buried which now clothes the life of the grain but 'God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him.'"

A gardener once took a tiny seed and planted it in a pot and placed it in the greenhouse. Soon the little seed felt the call of the great sun and responded, coming forth in bounty and beauty. How happily the plant grew until its roots filled the flower pot!

Then a frightful thing happened. The gardener came with a hammer and began to break in pieces the earthen pot. He did not stop until it fell a hopeless, helpless heap on the floor. Then, taking the trembling plant tenderly in his hand, out from the greenhouse, out from the presence of old associates, he planted it in the garden with the arching blue sky for a roof and the sun and stars for friends, with plenty of room to grow and blossom and fulfill its God-given mission.

What an adventure that is, when the great Gardener comes for you, or me, or for those we love! We ought not sorrow "as those who have no hope." Do you not feel that we should trust his larger purpose?

Something happened 1900 years ago which has clarified the issue of Life's adventure. There came

One who demonstrated the victory of life over death and declared, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

Easter deserves to be the greatest festival of the Christian calendar. It was the brightest dawn after the darkest night which disciples of Jesus ever witnessed. On Friday, "The Nazarene is dead," Caiaphas the high priest said. "The Nazarene is dead," Pilate in his palace said. And the frightened, disheartened, disbanded disciples echoed that false refrain, "He is dead; all is over; our hopes are shattered." And strong men, like Peter, were ready to give up and go back to their fishing boats. Saturday was a day of silence, fear, gloom, despair!

But on Sunday that something happened. Something happened that has had to be reckoned with, in all man's thought of the future life ever since. Something happened to change, in the small space of a few hours, that frightened, discouraged band of disciples into fearless, confident, courageous preachers of the Risen Christ.

Let us not get the cart before the horse. They did not begin to preach, and the assurance of a Risen Christ follow. Rather their preaching was a product of their new experience, not the producer. Soon this New Testament was to be given to the world with a certain, insistent note, "Now is Christ risen from the dead." But again let us see; it was not the New Testament which produced this faith, but it was this new faith which produced the New Testament. And those sturdy

men and women never faltered in their new faith. Not one ever gave it up. It became *in* them and *through* their witness a new dynamic in the whole spiritual life of man.

When Livingstone was in Africa, he asked the natives again and again, "Where does your great river come from and where does it go?" But they did not know. Always it had flowed into their tribal territory and flowed on beyond their ken, but they knew neither its source nor its terminus. But the day came when they knew, because Livingstone came back to tell them of the lake region from which it came and the majestic ocean into which it flowed. Which thing is a parable. "Whence comes this life of ours and whither is it bound?" We shake our heads. It always has flowed into our ken and gone beyond, but we know neither its rise nor its terminus. Now One comes to tell us, "In my Father's house are many abiding places." "Whither I go ye cannot follow now but thou shalt follow afterward."

"And so beside the silent sea,
I wait the muffled oar
From Him no harm can come to me,
On ocean or on shore.
I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air.
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

— Whittier.

Good Friday Devotion

REV. WILLIAM C. LAUBE

John 19:30. "It is finished." There is something heroic, yea something divine, in this simple word of the Master. Surely, it cannot merely mean, "It is all over with now," . . . "this is the end of it," as some dying man might speak of his sorrows and his sufferings. We must read this word with the eyes of the beloved disciple who stood at the cross and who could hear what the careless bystanders could not hear, who could understand what was hidden from the eyes of the rabble and the self-righteous. And John tells us "that Jesus, knowing that all things are now finished, that the scriptures might be accomplished, saith, 'I thirst.'" And when he had tasted of the vinegar, thus also fulfilling literally the prediction of Psalm 69:21, "In my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink," the last full measure of his suffering and obedience was completed and he could exclaim this great word: "It is finished," a word of divine finality, a word of glorious victory.

I. *The word of divine finality.* Some twenty years ago I heard one of the spectacular itinerant preachers of that day, in one of his last sermons in the city of his own founding on the shores of Lake Michigan, preach on this same text. He was a feeble old man, and with his long, white hair and his flowing beard and the gorgeous robes of the Old Testament High Priest, he indeed looked not

unlike one of those descendants of the house of Aaron that ministered in the holy place. So weak was he that he was carried to the platform by two negro servants and in a sitting position he gave his sermon. In most dramatic fashion he announced his text by repeating three times slowly and distinctly, the Greek original: *Tetelestai, tetelestai, tetelestai!* It was his swan song, for in a few weeks "Elijah the Restorer" passed off his earthly scene leaving behind him a host of people sadder and wiser for their experience with him; leaving behind also his spectacular life work to fall into the hands of men who disrupted it by long and weary litigations. The career of John Alexander Dowie is typical of the careers of men. Alexander the Great passed out of this life at the age of only 33, the same age as the Man of Nazareth. He had conquered the then known world, but his generals fought over his conquests, and his empire fell to pieces. At the age of 56 Julius Caesar fell under the stabs of the daggers of his former friends, but his work was not done. Not yet 52, Napoleon, whom history calls the great, succumbed to the dreadful disease on the isle of St. Helena, his life work in ruins. He had sacrificed millions of men and untold wealth to satisfy his boundless ambition and to erect for himself and

(Continued from page 834)



Anne Shriber, N. Y.

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"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Heb. 12:1-13. Matt. 5:4.

The almost cynical observation of Eliphaz in the Book of Job is verified in the experience of us all. "Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward." Mundane Utopias are yet distant. The paradisaal bliss our lives crave is an ever-evanescent phantasm. Suffering and sorrow is a reality, unpleasant to contemplate perhaps, a reality nevertheless.

The pain-knotted countenance of the stricken Job must have manifested acquiescence as he listened to the dictum of his friend: "Man is born unto trouble." For the perennial problem of suffering was very real and very terrible to Job. Living in the land of Uz, Job was a man of exceptional piety and great wealth. With startling rapidity there fell upon him a series of increasingly heavy calamities. His flocks were stolen by marauders or smitten by lightning; he was stripped of all his possessions, and bereaved at a stroke of all his children. Finally he himself fell victim to one of the most painful and loathesome of diseases. His problem was to explain that suffering in the terms of a universe ruled by a righteous and merciful God. The Book of Job dramatized in an immortal poem his mental struggles as he grappled with this yet tremendous problem. And in attempting a philosophy of suffering today Job suggests at least three of five possible intellectual approaches.

Suffering may be construed judicially. God is righteous. Sin merits punishment, righteousness reward. This justice is meted out in the temporal conditions of this life. Towers of Siloam fall upon the unjust, plagues decimate their ranks, their enemies are victorious over them. Suffering is the penalty, and consequently the infallible sign of sin. The righteous man triumphs over his enemies, his flocks and herds increase and multiply, he lives to a ripe old age surrounded by numerous progeny. Prosperity is the concomitant of righteousness. This was the primitive Hebrew theory. It was the one suggested by the friends of Job. Job was righteous and prosperous. Disaster befell him. Therefore he must have sinned. This the argument of his friends first implies, then states baldly. But Job passionately asserts his own innocence. The theory is wrong. He knows. It does not rhyme with the facts. And the Book of Job marks the transition to a less naive explanation of suffering.

The Prologue of the Book proposes what might be called the theological hypothesis. Satan appears in the Council of Heaven and questions the disinterestedness of Job's religion. He is righteous, yes, but probably because he thinks that it is bringing him prosperity. Test him by adversity. With Divine sanction Job's sufferings are brought about by Satan. Job is vindicated. In adversity he does not forsake his religion. Though his wife advises, "renounce God and die," he clings

desperately to his faith. In other words, human suffering is a part of the drama of heaven. God permits the righteous to suffer that there may be a demonstration to a scoffing world or an incredulous adversary of the existence of disinterested righteousness and true religion.

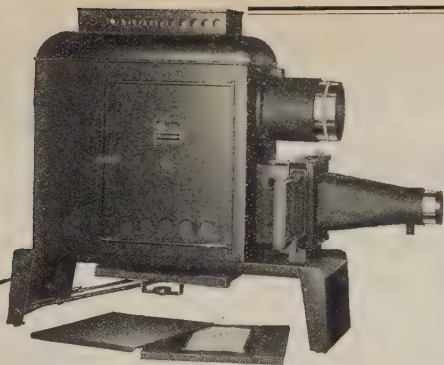
In the story of the Book however Job is ignorant of this divine drama in which he is unknowingly, but nobly, playing a part. And so his final answer to the problem is what we may term the mystic religious answer. "Out of the whirlwind" Jehovah answers Job by recounting some of the sublime and awe-inspiring features of creation which serve to poetically and vividly contrast the greatness and unsearchable wisdom and inconceivable power of God with the littleness and ignorance and weakness of man. Job is overwhelmed by a sense of the majesty and greatness of God, the justice of whose government he has questioned. How can he, poor, weak, insignificant Job, dare to question the procedure of the Almighty? And so having found God, having come to know, if not logically, mystically that God is right, he is content to bow in submission to His will, to rest in Him.

There are however at least two other possible answers to the problem of the suffering of the righteous. There is the pragmatic religious answer: suffering is part of the divine purpose and program for the human achievement of divine character. Thus DeQuincey pictures the going forth of the three Sorrows to plague the hearts of men until they unfold the capacities of their spirits, that they may be as it were "accomplished in the furnace." Such a conclusion we might reach as we gaze at the national history of the Hebrews. How often were they, as Ezekiel prophesied, "on the mountains like doves of the valleys, all of them mourning." And what spiritual grandeur of character was theirs! The Hebrews, suffering most, most spiritual. Which was cause, which result, no one knows. But such was the background for the statement of the Book of Hebrews, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and the comparison therein of the chastening of the Heavenly Father with the guiding, chastening touch of an earthly father.

And finally there is the Christian answer, which we yet understand not fully and may here only be hinted at. In the mystery of the Cross is the mystery of suffering summed up. In the suffering there of the one Sinless Man we approach the ultimate answer. Divine suffering was vicarious, redemptive. And human suffering, the suffering of love fired from the Love that died there, may too be redemptive, vicarious.

But when the days are dark and the shadows of suffering close in, these intellectual approaches offer but flickering gleams of light. And it takes something of the Stoic to realize much of cheer and comfort from such amidst the terrifying darkness. But in it all one light shines clear and bright.

(Continued on page 838)



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Our Bible, by William H. Main, Executive Secretary The American Baptist Publication Society. 149 pp. Judson. \$1.00. An interesting, popular introduction to the study of the Bible. The author keeps steadily in mind the busy layman who has neither the time to read nor perhaps access to larger works on the subject. Mr. Main tells about the Bible languages; texts and manuscripts; the Authorized Version and the modern translations; the Bible in the light of modern discovery; how to study the Bible; the Christ of the Bible; and the supreme message of the Bible. Topics for study and discussion are suggested at the end of each chapter, making the book suitable for class study.

The Bible Unlocked, by Henry M. Battenhouse, Professor of Biblical Literature, Pennsylvania State College. 553 pp. Century. \$3.50. This ably-written book is at once a description, an analysis, an evaluation, and an interpretation of the Bible. While popular in form, and written mainly for non-technical students, the work rests upon foundations of sound scholarship. It embodies the assured results of modern historical criticism, literary interpretation, and Biblical theology. A fine glow of personal faith lights and warms its pages. The major divisions of the book are: The Bible, Its origin and background; The building of the Hebrew nation; The age of prophecy; The establishment of Judaism; The life of Christ; and The Apostolic age. It is a treasury of facts regarding the Bible, as to its origin, contents and spiritual values.

The Study Bible, John Stirling, editor. **Genesis**, by E. Griffith-Jones, D.D. and A. C. Welch, D.D., 143 pp. **Psalms**, by L. Maclean Watt, D.D., and J. F. McFadyen, D.D. 145 pp. **St. Mark**, by the Bishop of Liverpool, England, and A. E. J. Rawlinson, D.D., 142 pp. **Hebrews**, by W. R. Inge, D.D., and H. L. Goudge, D.D., 143 pp. Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co. Each volume \$1.25. The present reviewer is greatly impressed both by the scope and plan of this new series of expository handbooks, and especially by Mr. Stirling's selection of contributors. They are men of high scholarship, and they stress spiritual values. The plan of the series is to give first a brief critical introduction to the Bible book under discussion, and to follow this with exposition and comment of inspirational value. The volumes under review admirably carry out this plan. A valuable feature is the quotation of apposite passages from great commentators, both ancient and modern. Every minister would do well to add this new series to his library.

Studies of Great Bible Cities, by H. T. Sell, D.D. 136 pp. Revell. 75 cents. Another helpful volume in the author's well-known and popular series of Bible Study Books. This volume is admirably suited for study by adult Bible Classes. It describes, in a vivid way, life in Babylon and Nineveh, as the prophets saw it; in Jerusalem, as Jesus saw it; and in Antioch, Ephesus, Athens, Corinth and Rome, as Paul saw it.

Some Minor Characters in the New Testament, by Prof. A. T. Robertson, Litt.D. 182 pp. Doubleday, Doran. \$1.75. Graphic word portraits, together with searching analysis, of eighteen New Testament minor characters. Although minor, they richly repay study, as Prof. Robertson shows. Among them are Nicodemus, Andrew, Pilate, the Rich Young Ruler, Mary Magdalene the Misrepresented Woman, Epaphras, the Samaritan Woman Who Started a Revival, Gamaliel, and Lazarus. Several of these studies appeared originally in *The Expositor*. The volume has fruitful suggestions for a course of sermons.

Narrative Dialogues From the Bible, Edited by Alfred Clegg. 293 pp. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.00. Over a hundred dialogues, expressed for the most part in Bible language. They are well within the ability of the Sunday School pupils in the older classes. Few methods of Bible teaching are more impressive than dramatization. The collection includes dialogues suitable for the special days of the Christian Year, as well as for the other "days" which are generally celebrated by Sunday Schools. An index of subjects, topics, and Biblical passages, adds to the usability of the volume.

Bible Dramatics, by James Watt Raine. 372 pp. The Century Co. \$2.00. This handbook is intended for directors of amateur dramatization of Bible incidents and stories by young men and women. The author gives a clear presentation of "how to do it," with some splendidly wrought-out examples, ready for rehearsal. He discusses in a helpful way the value of dramatics and the cost, the process of dramatization, the dramatic element of plot, character and emotion; stage, scenery, setting; lighting; costumes and make-up; and rehearsals. Leaders of young people find that dramatics appeal to youth. It takes time, patience, ability and tact to "put on" a Biblical drama successfully; but it can be done, and this book shows how one can do it.

How to Teach the New Testament, by Frederick J. Rae, M.A. 335 pp. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.00. The author is Director of Religious Education in the Aberdeen (Scotland) Training Course. Sixty-six lessons on teaching the New Testament. The author gives first, a general introduction to the New Testament book, or section, which is being studied; then clears up difficult references, geographical or historical, or explains words whose meaning is obscure; third presents the lesson material, and finally relates it to present-day thought and life. The pupil is then assigned some expression work, which requires him to state in his own words what the lesson teaches, and to apply it to everyday living. The method is pedagogically sound, and ought to produce results in right living.

Christ at the Round Table, by E. Stanley Jones. 328 pp. Abingdon, \$1.50. It is perhaps enough to awaken the readers' interest to say that the author of

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Adventure, by Burnett H. Streeter, D.D., Catherine M. Chilcott, M.A., John Macmurray, M.A., and Alexander S. Russell, D.Sc. 247 pp. Macmillan. \$2.00. The sub-title is "The Faith of Science and the Science of Faith." The title itself reflects Canon Streeter's opinion that "Science and Faith are two diverse, but intrinsically connected, adventures of the spirit of man." The book is the outgrowth of group conferences of distinguished scholars, on the relationship of science and religion. The topics of the six papers in this volume are: The Dynamic of Science; Beyond Knowledge; Moral Adventure; Finality in Religion; Objectivity of Religion; and Myth and Reality. Some of the conclusions reached in these essays are: science rests upon the conviction that all knowledge is more or less well-grounded belief; faith is an attitude of mind which produces practical achievement; what lies beyond knowledge is action; religion centers in the existence of God; God is personal; religion is concerned with the qualitative aspect of Reality; the Buddha and Christ have never been equalled by their respective heirs; the teaching of Jesus is either false or final; if God is love then the story of the Cross brings this home to us in a way that no conceptual language can. Fundamental thinking on philosophic, scientific, and theological relationships. A provocative and yet a steady book.

The Unique Status of Man, by H. Wildon Carr, Professor of Philosophy, University of Southern California. 216 pp. Macmillan. \$1.75. The unique status of man, according to Professor Carr, is due to his possession of freedom. A new spiritual freedom supervenes on the old natural evolution, when man arrives; this has enabled man "to pass into a realm of spiritual values." This introduces us at once to a consideration of the problem of free-will. The author discusses it from the theological and the meta-physical point of view; in its relation to empiricism, mechanism and scientific materialism; in relation to the principle of relativity; and the positive conception of freedom implied in living activity. He believes that "Christianity has given an entirely new interpretation of history," and that "in this profounder meaning the interest of Christianity is not the historical criticism of its records, but the philosophical interpretation of the idea expressed in its history." This is the sort of extreme position which the specialist in philosophy is likely to take; nevertheless, there is much to be said

for it. The book itself is a fine piece of keen and constructive thinking.

The Bearing of Psychology Upon Religion, by Harrison S. Elliott, Professor of Religious Education and Psychology, Union Seminary, N. Y. 77 pp. Association Press. This little book is a good antidote for the pessimism of certain modern psychologists, who teach their science makes religion unnecessary and religious faith impossible. Dr. Elliott discusses the findings of psychology regarding human nature, the effect of science upon religious conceptions, and the contribution of psychology to the experience of God. His conclusions are heartening. He shows that psychology aligns itself with Jesus in its faith that human life may be transformed; that psychology is the fundamental basis for religion; and that when one has a proper conception of God in relation to himself and the world, his religious faith becomes the very center of life.

Lenten Sermons, edited by Frederick J. North. 190 pp. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.00. Twelve devotional sermons on Lenten themes by as many eminent English preachers, among whom we find such well-known ministers as Dean Burn, Canon Down, Dean Inge, A. J. Gossip, Maldwyn Hughes, Hubert L. Simpson and Canon Storr. The sermon titles are: The Lord's Prayer, Life Through Christ's Death, The Purpose of Lent, On the Art of Thinking in Terms of the Cross, The Amazing Christ, Joy and Sacrifice, The Atonement, Grace, Poise and Balance, Fearing But Following, Propitiation, and The Valley of Decision.

Out of the Ashes, And Other Sermons, by Rev. George W. Allison. 189 pp. Cokesbury. This Indianapolis Presbyterian preacher knows how to present an old truth in a new and attractive dress. His style is somewhat unconventional, but it is direct, personal (in the best sense) and impressive. His sermon titles are, for the most part, arresting, for example: Out of the Ashes, The Promise of Life's Limitations, An Open Road, Instinct, A Balanced Life, Behind the Mask, The Weevil in the Boll, and The Threshing Floor of God.

Four-Minute Sermons, by Edward Everett Smith, D.D. 217 pp. Presbyterian Committee on Education, Richmond, Va. Seventy-six sermonettes, first published in *The Christian Observer*. Practical little homilies close to the average man's thinking and experience, and based upon Scripture truths, whose values Dr. Smith brings to light in a striking way.

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Stewardship in the Life of Women, by Helen Kingsbury Wallace. 88 pp. Revell. \$1.00. The author is a Field Specialist on Stewardship, Northern Baptist Convention. This book has a genuine message for Christian women. It treats of the stewardship of hospitality, of sewing, of money, of time, of the family, and of the Gospel. Its general reading by the women of our churches would bring blessings to them and to the churches to which they belong.

Finding My Place, A Girl's Outlook on Life and Vocation, by Mary E. Moxcey. 373 pp. Abingdon. \$1.50. This book is the outgrowth of frank conferences with high school girls. It embodies their ideas as well as those of its experienced and wise teacher. We do not know of a sounder, more practical, or more Christian treatment of the topic. It might well be studied by every mother, every teacher of girls, as well as by girls of the high school age. It deals with planning one's life story, work and life, women's work, home making, home making—for the wider world, myself—bearer of gifts, and finding my way.

The Golden Stool, Some Aspects of the Conflict of Cultures in Modern Africa, by Edwin W. Smith, Fellow of the Royal Anthropological Institute of Great Britain. 328 pp. Doubleday, Doran. \$1.50. The author, who was born in Africa and who had seventeen years' experience as an African missionary and pioneer, is described as an authority on this subject by Sir F. D. Lugard (formerly Governor-General of Nigeria) who writes a foreword to the book. The Golden Stool of the Ashantis is the emblem and reminder of their

national identity. The author regards it as a symbol of the unity and identity of the African peoples. He gives a graphic account of the "old" Africa of discovery, partition, exploitation, and economic development; of the conflict of cultures in the present day; of the spread, and the effects, of Islam; of Christian missions; and of the "new" Africa of awakened race consciousness, of demand for native education; and of changing policies of missionary societies and the white governments in that continent. This book deserves the thoughtful attention of missionary boards, statesmen, and Christian people generally.

Liberia—Old and New, by James L. Sibley, American Advisory Committee on Education in Liberia, and D. Westermann, Professor, University of Berlin. 317 pp. Illustrated. Doubleday, Doran. \$1.50. Liberia is the only democratic government maintained by black people in Africa. It is still in the experimental stage, but now bids fair to become a permanent success. These authors give an authoritative account of the founding of Liberia, and of its political, religious, educational and economic development up to the present day. The missionary and educational work carried on by American agencies is fully described. The character and capacity of the natives, their social organization; the elements of native education; their secret societies; their belief in fetiches and magic; their marriage customs; their method of land tenure; and the conflict of cultures, are discussed. The authors maintain that economic and educational development must proceed hand in hand if Liberia is to rise in the scale of civilization.

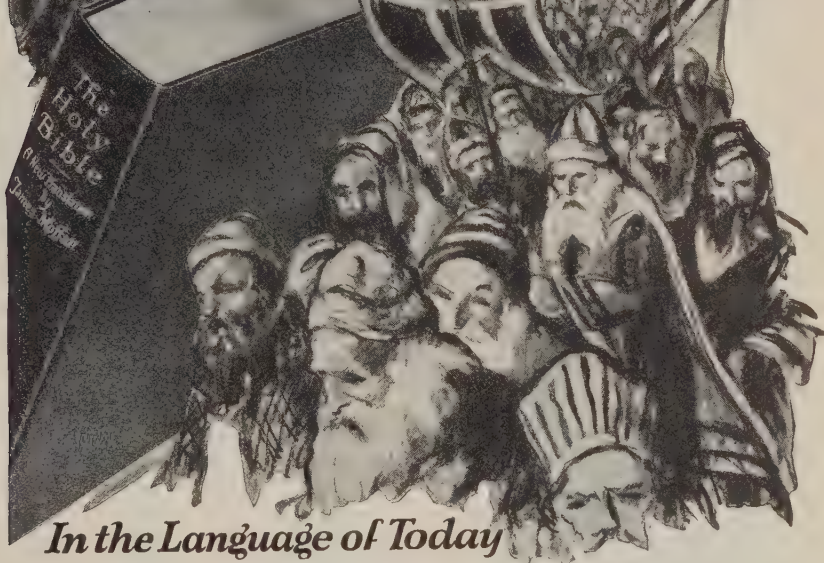
Out-of-the-Way Places of Europe, by A. Eugene Bartlett. 141 pp. Revell. \$1.50. This book is by an experienced traveler. It is filled with practical information for the tourist, and it tells of out-of-the-way places that would well repay a visit. It gives also useful hints on dining in London and Paris, on fishing in Scandinavia, on where to find bargains in Europe, on Old World golf links, and on the location of famous old English inns. If you are planning a trip to Europe, read this little book.

Christianity and Social Adventuring, edited and with an introduction by Jerome Davis. 373 pp. Century. \$2.50. The church gets plenty of advice—good and bad. This symposium advises her to co-operate more closely with certain charitable and social agencies, and reform movements. The editor tells us the "the church, as an inspirer of religion, must act as a powerful transformer, changing its current from mystical abstractions to applied dynamics." Why not do both? However, we are under obligation to many of the contributors to this symposium for inspiring messages: particularly to Senator Borah on *Civic Righteousness*, Fosdick on *Practicing the Sermon on the Mount*; Bishop McConnell on *The Church and Social Questions*; Henry W. Thurston on *Child Dependency*; Miriam Van Waters on *Juvenile Delinquency*; Haven Emerson on *Health*; Thomas W. Galloway on *Social Hygiene*; H. S. Elliott on *Mental Hygiene*; John R. Mott on *The Y.M.C.A. and the Churches*; F. Ernest Johnson on *The Church and Industry*; Richard C. Cabot on *Ministering to the Handicapped*; and to the editor on *Translating Christianity Into the Daily Community Life*.

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to a different sort of a program altogether, one that is attractive, stimulating and inspiring.

It is well to emphasize the community relationships, exploit the special days that come in these three months, employing every instrumentality that goes to make them impressive, at the same time maintaining the general theme throughout. With that thought in view, we venture to propose the following study outlines.

The Scripture text used in this series is Moffat's translation of the Old and New Testament, unless otherwise designated. We have drawn very freely in quotations and illustrated matter from the following books and authors: Fear, Oliver; The Science of Power, Kidd; Faith and Success, Basil King; Will-Power and Success, by Bush (we have used this work more than any other one); Our Fear Complexes, William and Hoag; New Psychology, Gordy; Reality, by Streeter.

THURSDAY, APRIL 5

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper

Note: No dinner served this evening. The solemn occasion in the sanctuary beginning with the organ playing in somber tones "Tis Midnight On Olive's Brow." No sermon. Nothing whatsoever to be used upon this occasion excepting the ritual ordinarily used in the local church, the object being to focus everything upon the Sacrament. This may be worked out along the line of the pastor's own initiative and originality.

* * *

THURSDAY, APRIL 12

Theme: "The question is not 'What can you do?'" but "What can you and God do together?"

Bible Reading: Phillipians 4:10-13. John 10:10.

Subject—The More Abundant Life.

Introduction: Purington says that there are two great words "I can." Emerson has left this remarkable putting "Each man has an aptitude born with him to do some feat impossible to anyone else. Every man and woman can do something where he or she is placed better than anyone else can—something in business, something in art, religion, trade or society." Perkins makes it more specific and declares, "No one can do the special work for which you came to do. I cannot hand my task, my gifts or responsibilities to someone else." And again let us repeat Emerson, "You are born to victory."

I. Not everyone will agree with these men. Evidently, there are many who do not believe the Bible. They have ears to hear but they hear not. These fundamental laws are unsuspected, undetected, and, of course, there is no response to these natural laws in the spiritual world. Where this obtains there is no discovery of what "one and God can do together."

- (a) This is true in matters of health.
- (b) Business.
- (c) Experience.

II. Science and religion plus experience have demonstrated that the average man can train himself, train his thinking, attitude and outlook to the finer, lovelier, better, best things of life. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he."

Probably more than half those having gone beyond you in life, in health and success are less fortunate and less gifted. They merely found where the growing power lay. They learned to



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develop it, to train it, and to use it. The brains of Shakespeare, of Napoleon or Lincoln were no different than yours. These men simply worked their brains beyond the average. It is not the number of cells that count but the sinews of purpose and ambition. Every man has faculties inviting him to endless exertion and possibilities.

To every man there openeth a way
A way and ways and The Way
And the high soul climbeth the Highway
And the low soul gropes the low
And each man decideth
The way his soul shall go.

Conclusion: Brisbane: "Everyone that wills can achieve sufficient health and sufficient strength to make life worth while and happy." Now, add the God element, "My grace is sufficient for thee." "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." No wonder Garfield as a young man standing at the lock of the canal silently asked God to be with him and let him come back again bringing his sheaves with him. What do you want most? What do you want to do? Your very aspiration, your heart longing and yearnings are the indicators of your possibilities.

The Program: Dinner, 6 to 6:30. The Big Sing, 6:30 to 6:45. Special music of some kind. The Prayer Hymn and Season of Prayer. Announcements. The Devotional Address (above). Gymnasium Classes, Story-Telling Hour, Dramatization of Bible Stories by some Sunday School class.

* * *

THURSDAY, APRIL 19

Theme: "Saddest of all words, 'It might have been.'"

Bible Reading: Matthew 25:14-30.
Subject: The Laws of Stimulation.

Introduction: Jesus never gave us a discouraging view of ourselves.

I. Hubbard: "The germ of greatness is in every man, but we fall victims of an arrested development." Man's unequal intellectuality has nothing to do with his capacity for intelligence. The stirring story of Frederick Douglass, the black slave, but one of the greatest orators of all time, born in serfdom, surrounded by the vilest conditions, while working with a Maryland family found a stimulus for knowledge. He determined never to let that stimuli atrophy. There was to be no waste of withering of this inspiration. (It is well to read this story in preparation for this devotional address.)

Everyone has had enough stimuli to achieve anything their hearts prompt them to do. However, if we do not respond to this stimuli it might as well never have been. Franklin and Lincoln might have had desires for knowledge but had they not kept this desire alive it would have atrophied and died. They determined to have an education. Douglass, the negro, who did not own his own body, had a mental stimulus which he never let rest. It is a remarkable fact that the children of savage races do not differ much in

capacity for mental development and intellectual receptivity from those of civilized lands. Babes taken from raw benightedness have gone through universities and obtained their degrees. And simply because they missed the stimuli the heathen mind atrophies and withers. Moral: Don't be a heathen.

II. Inspiration is another word for stimuli.

- (a) One is inspired to read and study.
- (b) One is inspired to render service.
- (c) One is inspired to be a Christian.

Moral: Don't be a heathen. Why be mentally lazy? Doctor Thompson declares that the brain is only the physical machine that the invisible spirit uses. This invisible spirit has been called the will, the center of personality. The brain reasons but it is the will that makes it reason. It is the will that compels the brain. A man's brain has no physical machinery for producing words and results that the chimpanzee has not. The will teaches the brain to make the fingers play the piano or paint the picture. When the will yields to bodily desires it loses its power to compel the brain. When the body is tired, or sick or lazy and we let this play on the will it works havoc. That is the reason men do not read stimulating books or give themselves to sacrifice and to inconveniencing themselves in religious matters. Many are either lazy or sick and as Jesus said (Moffat's translation): "You rascal, you lazy servant! You knew, did you, that I reaped where I have never sowed and gathered where I have never winnowed!—Throw the good-for-nothing servant into darkness outside."

Conclusion: Don't be a heathen.

Program: Dinner 6 to 6:30. The Trumpeter trumpeting "King of Our Lives By Thy Grace We Will Be." Singing hymns appropriate to the theme. Prayer hymn and season of prayer. The Devotional Address (above). Gymnasium Classes, Story-Telling Hour, Regular Monthly Meeting of various committees and boards of the church.

* * *

THURSDAY APRIL 26

Theme: You are no small potato.

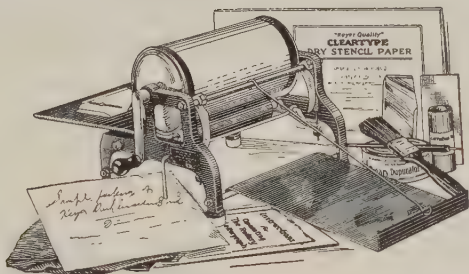
Bible Reading: Proverbs 23:1-9. (Authorized Version.)

Subject: The Law of Suggestion in Life, Health and Happiness.

Introduction: There is nothing so withering and damning as the inferiority complex. You often hear men say, "O, I am only a small potato." And a spectacle is the result. Have you ever heard someone say, "It is of no use, I have had no hand that boosted. My head has been thrust into a noose, ill luck on me has roosted?" While some other man, far lower down on fortune's fateful ladder, mounts on his way, wins the crown and for all his poor luck, is none the sadder.

Houlahan: "Keep moving—and moving so fast that the people who say it cannot be done are interrupted by those who do it."

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I. There are two natural laws in the spiritual world. First, the psychological law of suggestion; second the physiological laws of stimulation (the latter being last week's discussion).

Thomas Park Boyd: "Man has an outer and inner mind. The outer mind is objective, the inner mind is subjective. That is to say, conscious and subconscious. The conscious mind receives and disposes mental activities and its methods are by deduction, induction, analysis and synthesis. It will gather conceptions together, compare them and draw conclusions, throw out the bad and pass the good and true on to the subconscious mind. The subconscious mind reasons only by deduction. It can hold but one idea at a time. But it acts on that one idea with great ferocity."

If one's conscious mind suggests a certain idea or course of action to the subconscious mind, the latter immediately begins to work out on that plan. Therefore, "O, I'm only a small potato" produces but one result.

II. God and nature are with those who map out a plan and resolutely set themselves to it.

- (a) As relates to health.
- (b) Success.
- (c) Religion.

We are no more than we aspire to be. The genius of great living exists in every subconscious mind. One can consciously suggest the idea of beauty, purity, holiness, loveliness, God, Christ, Heaven, etc. And affirm these with such positiveness that even in the face of all contrary evidence that it is so. This is—the substance of things hoped for. We may not see how but by positive affirmation we can bring that thing to pass.

One can think himself into a spell of sickness, into failure, or he can make his temperament all over again. He can change his mental outlook. Stonewall Jackson had little to recommend him to West Point. He was awkward in figure, dressed in home-spun, but he came to stick and to achieve and he did. When the first examinations came he was fearful of failing, but determined to outshine his class. He purposed not only to be an ordinary student but an extra-ordinary one, and piled the coals high on the grate and studied long after all other students had retired. Because he had formulated one rule: "You may be whatsoever you resolve to be."

If you think you are outclassed, you are.
You have to think high to rise.
For one becomes a has-been
The moment determination dies.

Program: Dinner 6 to 6:30. The Big Sing, made up of church hymns as "Faith of Our Fathers," "Onward Christian Soldiers." The special musical feature of this evening to be a strong soprano soloist secluded in some distant room, accompanied with a violin, and she singing, "Sometime, Somewhere." The Devotional Address (above), the usual Gymnasium Classes, Story-Telling Hour for the children, and inter-church basketball game in the gymnasium.

Losing the Found

(Continued from page 766)

will be filed in that folder, for illustration; in the "A" division, I have folders with Abraham, Acts, America, Angels, Art and Assurance. In the "B" division, there is Baptist, Bible, Books, Boys, etc. One may make his own classifications, using whatever subject heads appeal to him. After this has been done, as you find something in your reading that you want to preserve for later use, cut it out of the magazine and file it under the subject head which it fits, for instance, I have in the folder under the subject, Bible, an article cut out of the *Expositor*, entitled "The Printed Bible." There is an article from The Adult Bible Class Monthly, entitled "What the Bible Can Do for You" and so the folder contains over twenty exceedingly valuable helps and illustrations all in one place, ready for use when I wish to preach on the Bible, or use some phase of the Bible, to illustrate a sermon on some other subject. It may happen occasionally that another article on a different subject will be printed on the back of the page and will appeal to you as valuable for future reference. This is the case on the subject above mentioned, What the Bible Can Do for You. On the last page I find the subject, "Are Revivals Necessary?" which is quite thought provoking. To make possible my finding it, on the folders, Evangelism and Revivals, I wrote the subject, Are Revivals Necessary (see Bible). By means of this cross reference as many as three or four subjects beginning and ending on the same pages, making it impossible to clip separately, may be filed in one folder.

No one likes to cut his books this way, but it is easy to forget the various subjects that are often treated in one volume, such as Dean Brown's "The Main Points." On the folder containing clippings on the subject Jesus, I have written, The Divinity of Jesus Christ (see Brown, Main Points ch. I) or on the folder, Prayer, you will find the reference, The Utility of Prayer (see Brown, Main Points ch. V). One may sometimes wonder what some one else has had to say about the text he is using for his sermon aside from what is given in the commentary. Sermons are often printed in magazines and the texts given. One usually has a few books of sermons. If I am preaching on a text from Genesis, I look on the folder, Genesis, and find something like this:

- 5:24 Man who walked with God (see God).
- 26:18 Reopening of the Well Dr. Hutton (see Marchant, British Preachers, p 31).
- 28:12 The Ladder to Heaven (see Vision).

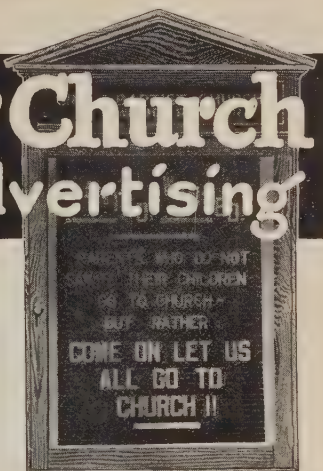
This plan is followed out for every book of the Bible and makes my filing case a wealth or mine of source material as well as cross reference and index. One may file his sermon notes under the subject heads into which they will fit.

As soon as one section filing case is filled, another may be added, thus the system grows with you and keeps all material at your finger tips.

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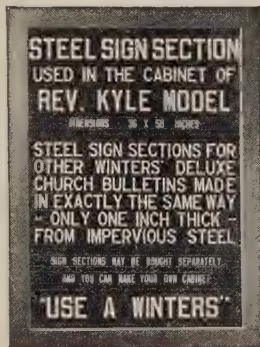
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Reviews

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

The tercentenary of the birth of John Bunyan, which is being widely observed this year throughout the English-speaking world, has given a fresh impetus to the study of the works of the eminent Puritan, and particularly to the reading of his immortal allegory, *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

Although Bunyan was the author of some sixty works, by common consent the greatest of his writings is *Pilgrim's Progress*. It has been estimated that there are only two other books in the world that have exceeded it in circulation, and these are the Bible and the Koran. Bunyan's work has been translated into one hundred and twenty-two languages and dialects. The appeal of the book to all classes and conditions of men, women and children of every race and clime is one of its most remarkable features. For two hundred and fifty years it has had the power to hold children from play and old men from the chimney corner, and, with the exception of the Bible, has probably done more to mold and shape the character of men and women along right lines than any other book in the world.

What is the secret of Bunyan's perennial charm? It lies in the simple fact that in *The Pilgrim's Progress*—and the same thing applies to his other writings also—he struck a universal spiritual chord that vibrates in the heart and soul of every human being. He held a mirror up to life, and under the guise of an allegory presented the whole pilgrimage of human life, "from this world to that which is to come."

As a piece of literary craftsmanship *The Pilgrim's Progress* has seldom been equalled. It has been said that Bunyan was an illiterate tinker. A tinker he may have been, and the son of a tinker, but illiterate he never was. He wrote his native tongue with a purity, clarity, and force that has been the envy and admiration of English scholars for centuries, and this is an accomplishment that the attainment of a university degree does not always confer. His tutor was the English Bible, from which he drew both his inspiration and his style.

The Pilgrim's Progress ranks with the best of Shakespeare, Milton and Dante. It will stand forever against all the "assaults of time with all its hours."—*Toronto Globe*.

* * *

DISEASE AND SOCIAL POSITION

The Registrar General's decennial supplement gives some curious information. It shows that the incidence of some of the most important diseases is influenced more by social position than

by occupation. Appendicitis, diabetes, and alcoholism are, generally speaking, expensive diseases which only the well-to-do can afford. Tuberculosis, on the other hand, takes its heaviest tolls from the poor. It is clearly a matter of feeding. Otherwise we could not understand why barristers and bank and insurance officials should have a low death rate from tuberculosis, while dock laborers and costermongers have a high rate. The most expensive luxury of all is cirrhosis of the liver. "This disease," says the report, "costs money and is incurred in proportion to financial resources." Those who repeatedly fly to the doctor for aid against influenza will note with a shock of despair that doctors share with auctioneers the highest influenza rate.—*Manchester Guardian*.

* * *

PROHIBITION

Perhaps, however, the experience of a police court judge in a district which presents the ordinary problems of a comparatively densely populated community may be of some interest. I ought to say, what I have said many times before, that I did not believe in the Prohibition Amendment and did not believe that it could be worked out practically if adopted. Neither was I an abstainer from the use of alcoholic liquors. I have always viewed the problem, however, as a social and economic one and my experience as judge of the Cambridge District Court has convinced me that the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment furnishes the basis of the solution as to the control of the liquor traffic.

I am sorry for anyone who feels that a horrible injustice has been done, but I am not much worried about the theoretical injustice to a few when I find a practical benefit to the many.—*Judge Arthur P. Stone in The Congregationalist*.

* * *

WOMEN'S TRANSEPT OF NEW YORK CATHEDRAL NOW BUILDING

The building of the women's transept, the third of the major units of the Episcopal cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York, is now being erected. More than 1,500 women identified with its financing were present at the ground-breaking. Bishop Manning deems this "the greatest single undertaking by women in the history of cathedral building." Of the million dollars required to complete the transept, \$747,650 has already been raised.—*Christian Century*.

* * *

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early mental traits of three hundred geniuses with the aim of discovering what genius really is. We cannot say that he has discovered its true nature, but he has shown with what qualities it is associated and in the process got rid of a number of hoary notions. Among them is the definition of genius as the capacity for taking infinite pains. That is exactly what genius is not: for the mark of genius is that it does easily what others can only do with difficulty, or not at all. Again the idea that genius is a disease and usually associated with nervous instability is shown to be a delusion. The young genius is generally healthier, happier and brighter than the average child. He is always the outcome of clean and vigorous life, and the child of high intelligence: for intelligence is hereditary and runs in families. Among the most piquant results of the inquiry are the "intelligence quotients" given to famous men. The highest is awarded Goethe, Francis Galton comes next, with John Stuart Mill. Carlyle is given a quotient ten lower than Cardinal Newman, who he said in his rough and unjust way, "had not the intelligence of an ordinary rabbit," and Professor Terman ranks above him in range of intelligence, Dickens, S. T. Coleridge and T. B. Macaulay.—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

* * *

WHY CHURCH MEMBERS GIVE OR DO NOT GIVE TO BENEVOLENCES

A very interesting and revealing study was recently made of the personal motives which lay back in the minds of those who gave and those who did not give to the benevolent work of the Methodist denomination. Two hundred and forty-one replies were received from givers and two hundred and thirty-two from non-givers. These replies came from more than twenty-five churches of all kinds in different parts of the country, yet there was a striking similarity within both groups. Of the contributors, sixty-seven give because they believe in missions as a personal obligation, fifty-one give in response to Christ's command, thirty-eight are glad to give and regard it as a privilege, thirty-two look upon benevolences as a duty of a church member, and so on down the line.

With the non-contributors, a strikingly lower grade of motives moved them; seventy-six feel that the local church and community come first and need all that they can give, sixty-four say they could not afford it, twenty-seven believe that there is a mismanagement of general funds, and twenty-three "don't believe in it," and so on in excuses which were either purely selfish or which reveal a very impoverished idea of Christian life—the result of very poor training or no training at all along these lines. Who is at fault? Evidently not simply these individuals who do not give—but also the pastors and church organizations which do not correct the wrong impressions and outlook out of which their refusals to give grow.—*Herald of Gospel Liberty*.

* * *

DEAN CHARLES REYNOLDS BROWN

Dean Brown is to retire as Dean of the Yale

Divinity School. We would not wish to assume that this implies the retirement of Dean Brown from the place of leadership which he has assumed in the Congregational fellowship and in the service of the churches at large. The severing of his active relationship with Yale may give him larger opportunity for that work of preaching in which his conspicuous mastery of technique and simple directness of thought and expression have given him unusual power of popular appeal.

In announcing Dean Brown's retirement at the end of the present academic year the corporation of Yale University has expressed its regret and its appreciation of Dean Brown's service in the following resolution:

Voted: In acceding to the request of Charles Reynolds Brown to be allowed to retire from his chair in the Divinity School and from the deanship of its faculty, that the Corporation record its appreciation of his eminent service both to the Divinity School and to the university.

After a distinguished career as pastor and preacher, Dr. Brown was appointed, on March 20, 1911, Dean of the Divinity School and Professor of Homiletics. By tireless effort he greatly increased the enrollment of the school and developed its usefulness. He is recognized as one of the chief teachers of the art of preaching in his generation.

In addition to his work as administrator, counselor, and teacher, Sunday after Sunday, and frequently on many days throughout the week, he has preached and lectured in the pulpits of churches, universities and schools, and from this singularly rich and varied ministry he has brought constant inspiration and wise observation to the students of divinity.—*The Congregationalist*.

* * *

THE MOODY ANNIVERSARY

A Moody shrine is the erstwhile private office of the great evangelist in the old "153 Building" of the Moody Bible Institute. Over the fireplace in this room—now the office of the President—is the actuating scripture, so dear to Mr. Moody's heart, "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

One is minded of this promise as interest in the renowned evangelist's work lives on and on. Indeed, there is pledge of immortality in the affection and appreciation with which his devotion is recalled and his victories celebrated.

Founder's Week Conference has, for the twenty-third time, given concrete expression to this enduring honor. It seems a paradox that so much about the revered founder of the Institute can be felt and thought, and the program yet not partake of fulsomeness and a too human spirit of adulation. This freedom springs from the emphasis that is placed by the conference upon the great principles and convictions that determined his place in the Christian world, rather than upon Mr. Moody himself.—*Moody Monthly*.

* * *

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A search of the records of Zion Lutheran Church of Long Valley, N. J., recently, by Mr. Philip S.

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Dufford, secretary of the church council, revealed the existence of an ancient document containing an agreement for the building of a meeting house at that place a century and a half ago. The church so built was used jointly by the Lutheran and Reformed congregations from 1774, when it was erected, until 1832, when both congregations decided to build their own houses of worship. At that time the "Reformed" congregation had become Presbyterian. The Presbyterian and Lutheran congregations are still using the edifices erected in that year.

Changes have taken place in the community in the 154 years that have passed since the agreement was entered into. The community was then known as "Dutch Valley," because of the Lutheran population from Holland that had found its way there during Colonial days. Later the name became officially "German Valley." Now the incorporated village boasts the name "Long Valley." Then there were few buildings, and the church was set back from the main highway and surrounded by a modest burying ground. Today a village of several hundred inhabitants nestles along a splendid highway, which sweeps north and west across Schooley's Mountain, a stiff climb for motor cars, with a sharp curve midway up, which is the fear of many motorists touring New Jersey. At the base of the hill and located at the business center of the community, is the William T. Swackhammer Garage, which fronts on Main Street, and behind the garage is the original cemetery of the two congregations, and the site of the church of 1774.

In the center of the cemetery the stone walls of the old church still stand, although other parts of the construction have long since decayed. The property cannot be used, for the two congregations have separated, and a binding clause in the original agreement prohibits any sale of the property, that it might be preserved intact for posterity.—*News Bulletin, National Lutheran Council.*

The Bare Bough

(Continued from page 760)

land I loved to spend a few hours sitting on the very seats from which I had gazed upon splendid struggles between Grace and Ulyett and Briggs on the one side and Bonner and Spofforth and Bannerman on the other. And the players whom I watched, on these later occasions, seemed to be invested with a fresh glory when I considered them as the successors of such heroes as those that filled my fancy.

I know a beautiful ground in Tasmania on which I have spent hundreds of rapturous afternoons. It is on the crest of a graceful hill, surrounded by green slopes and shady trees, overlooking the city on the one side and the broad waters of the Derwent on the other. The noble proportions of Government House adorn the immediate foreground. I remember climbing that hill one sunny morning to see Tasmania play England. Nobody expected, of course, to see

our island champions overwhelm the men with whose fame the world was ringing. But we were anxious for them to be at their best and to give as good an account of themselves as possible. Never shall I forget the first ball of that match.

Our Tasmanian captain won the toss and sent two of our best batsmen — Tom Carroll and Keith Eltham — to the wickets. Keith Eltham, a tall square-shouldered fellow, wearing bright brown pads, was to take strike. Blythe had the ball and Kenneth Hutchings was fielding at first slip. "Who," asks Neville Cardus, in his *Days in the Sun*, "who forgets Blythe, loveliest of all slow bowlers, and Kenneth Hutchings, image of South Country grace, dark, sinuous, his black hair ashine in the sun, his soft flannels?" Who, indeed? Amidst a tense and almost painful silence, Blythe, with his quaint hop and trot, delivered that first ball; Keith Eltham nervously struck at it, snicked it into the slips, and Kenneth Hutchings, making a playful dumbshow of reluctance to take it, safely gathered it in.

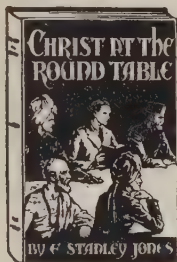
A few months later, Blythe, who bowled the ball, Eltham, who struck the ball, and Hutchings, who caught the ball, had all three laid down their lives for England on the fields of France and Flanders. I still visit that ground when opportunity offers; and I love it all the more for the ghostly forms that haunt it. How often have I sat there, seeming to watch the white forms on the green oval before me, when, in reality, I was seeing that fatal ball bowled again. My eyes are fastened, not upon the bird that happens at this moment to be resting on the bough, but on the birds that sang there in the days of auld lang syne.

Even Faith, as she proceeds upon her pilgrimage, discovers that the loveliest things in life are the things that are not there. Little by little she learns that there are no boughs like the bare boughs. I vividly recall the last Sunday that I spent with my old friend, John Broadbanks of Silverstream. We were away in the vast solitudes of the New Zealand bush, about seven miles back from Maori Glen.

"It's a strange thing," John remarked, suddenly, as we sat under the shade of a huge rata tree, chatting about the Mosgiel and Silverstream congregations that, at that very moment, were gathered for their morning worship, "it's a strange thing, but, during all the years of our friendship, we have never taken Communion together, you and I. When it's Communion at Silverstream, you, naturally, are at Mosgiel; and when it's Communion at Mosgiel, I am at Silverstream. And, in our tramps abroad together, we never happen to have struck a Communion Service in any of the bush churches. What do you say if we take it together tonight?"

Did some premonition steal into his heart, I wonder, telling him that this was the last of the happy Sundays that we should spend in each other's company? I cannot tell. I only know that I cheerfully assented to his suggestion,

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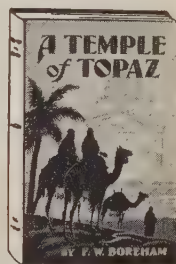
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and that he undertook to make the necessary arrangements.

His original scheme, I fancy, was that we should hold that strange and solemn service under the shelter of that very rata tree beneath which we were then sitting. But, after tea, a steady drizzle set in and made an out-door service impossible. We sat chatting on the broad veranda until twilight had yielded to inky darkness; and then he asked me to excuse him for a moment.

"Come along to my room," he exclaimed, when at length he reappeared.

I found that he had lit the lamp and stood it on a chest of drawers. Near the window he had placed the little table with the white cloth on which those sacred mysteries—the bread and the wine—were neatly arranged. An armchair stood on one side of the table; two ordinary chairs faced it on the opposite side. I instinctively glanced round the room.

"Is somebody else coming?" I enquired.

"Of course," he replied with a smile. "Can two meet together at a table like this without a *Third* being in the midst of them? We are the guests: *He* is the Host. It is *His* table. You and I will take these chairs on *this* side: the arm-chair on *that* side is for *Him*!"

And so, in the stillness of that Sunday night, far back in the depths of the bush, we two bowed our heads, and, in the consciousness of the Real Presence—the Presence of which the empty chair so eloquently spoke—we broke the bread and drank the wine together. And the memory of that empty chair—the empty chair that was so far from being empty—has lent a new sanctity to every Communion service that I have since attended.

Faith learns to love her bare boughs. These human hearts of ours are strangely moved, for example, as we visit the green, green graves of those whom we have loved long since and lost awhile. And, as we stand beside those sacred spots, we are depressed at times by the inscriptions on the stones. *Here lies . . . Here lies . . . Here lies . . .* We turn away with aching hearts and streaming eyes. But once a year, at any rate, we drink the rich, red wine of triumph. Faith wipes away her tears on Easter-day. For, on Easter-day, Faith hastens early in the morning to an empty tomb! No sorrowful inscription tells her that *Here lies the Son of God*. An angel sits with shining face declaring that *He is not here: He is risen!*

Here lies! Here lies! Here lies!

Not here! Not here! Not here!

The empty tomb is the glory of all the other tombs! The empty bough—the bough from which the Bird of Paradise has flown—is the richest bough of all. The loveliest thing in life are the things that are not there.

The Church Takes Time

(Continued from page 767)

effort is being extended to make them succeed. We have come to a point where we must have an economy of time; the Church must stop wasting its own time, that of its officials, and of the public. The Church today is decidedly getting more attention than its present status and quality justify. Businesses, theaters, public institutions, or even sports, run as poorly and with such ill-defined objectives as are many churches, would get no attention at all. If the Church expects the great masses to heed its message, it must not waste, in a thousand ways, so much of their time.

Consider, also, the problem of those who are the faithful mainstays of many churches. In these churches you will find a small group of worshippers, with only a group of "faithfuls" doing the work. Because they know how insecure the the church and its work are, these faithful workers feel themselves obliged to be at every meeting and to take part in everything. I have now in mind some very fine women in one church. They work hard during the day for relatively small wages; they have not much learning, but they are eager to know more. Because of their intense religious fervor, however, they go to every meeting—no matter what—in the church. They are invariably tired and sleepy; they get no chance to go to other places, to read, or to enjoy any other pleasures of life. They ought, on many of these nights, to be home in bed. But the church, lazily indifferent to them as well as to the greater number of non-church people, and stolidly uncomprehending, keeps calling upon them for many kinds of service, and the minister is visibly grieved if they fail in a single meeting. To my mind this is a vicious practice. The church is wasting time which does not belong to it. Many people have been turned away from churches, not because they were not noticed, but because they were given impossible and needless loads to carry each week. In many of these so-called successful churches, if you were to get behind the scenes, you would see the work progressing only at a terrible cost to a few faithfuls. I believe that if the church cannot get its work done under more humane and sensible auspices than these, it had better forsake its task.

I have known many students whose scholastic records were ruined by the demands which the church made upon their too willingly offered time and talents. I have also known people whose lives have been materially shortened and dulled because they were expected to take charge of so many church functions. The Church is taking too much time to bring to the world its message. It is taking weeks to do things which ought to be done in a few hours. It has a dozen organizations which are working for a more or less vague purpose, whereas two or three organizations, efficiently managed and working toward a clearly envisioned aim, would be far more valuable. In my opinion no organization is using so much time vainly and needlessly as is the Church.

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Even the young people of today have a full program for each week made out in advance. People sometimes smile at this, and regard it as pretense. But whether one likes it or not, the fact remains that everybody today is busy and is carefully trying to save time for the many interests which call for his attention. I believe that churches are failing largely because their intricate maze of activities demand from the worker too much time. So far as I can see, no one has seemed to notice this fact. Religious journals often go unread, not because people are not interested in them or the principles for which they stand, but because they have not the time to read the stuff which they print—largely reports, denominational news or chatter, or some dry-as-dust general material. They do not attend many services in the church, because they believe (they may, of course, be wrong, but they nevertheless believe) that they can make a better use of this time.

The Church is frantically endeavoring to meet the challenge of modern times—to have better meetings, greater advertising, larger crowds, etc. But its activities are organized not to save the time of a busy world, but to capture as much of it as possible. The modern age will not give a large share of its time, in a spirit of philanthropy, to the Church. *Churches will not save our souls until they know how to save our time.*

The Church also wastes a large portion of the time belonging to its officials and regular workers. The majority of churches now have greatly increased staffs and many different tasks for them to do. The complex and somewhat clumsy machinery used in operating the average church is antiquated and a prodigious waster of time. The minister is expected to be at so many meetings, that his service is often materially impaired. To expect the same people to attend all of the services held by the different organizations of the church is highly ridiculous and spiritually ruinous. In some way churches must arrange to do the work and achieve the results which they desire without making such a tremendous fuss about them and wasting so much time.

The Church also wastes time in all its negotiations and business transactions. Their rules and procedure as individual churches and as units in a denomination are marvels of red-tape intricacy and delay. Even those churches belonging to denominations which claim virtual autonomy for the individual parish are far from well organized. There are councils to appeal to and call; there are regular seasonal meetings and community campaigns. Benevolences are solicited and eventually paid by time-wasting methods. A thousand and one societies are appealing to the churches for aid, and the amateurish officials in charge of a large number of churches are naturally all up in the air. They fail to pay their supply pastors; they forget when payments for other services are due. They often do not know what their own duty is; they are so afraid of usurping one another's position that a stranger cannot find out whom to question about a business matter to save his life!



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Good Friday Devotion

(Continued from page 808)

the French nation an empire that should endure and he saw it crumbled into ruins. He had failed to accomplish his purpose, he could not say: "It is finished." Our own Abraham Lincoln, at the age of 56, fell from the shot of the assassin. He had done a wonderful work. He had set free a race of human slaves, he had become the great Emancipator. Yet his work was not really done, he could not have said: "It is finished." Other men had to enter into his work, a period of reconstruction followed his death, a period of strife and turmoil, until finally there was fully accomplished that for which the great man had laid down his life.

But not so the Master. Only 33 years of age, still on the threshold of young manhood, life, as it were, still holding its golden future before his wistful eyes, he is led away, condemned as a criminal, executed between two notorious villains. Thus he comes to a most tragic and untimely end, to the eyes of his friends his task but fairly begun. What a tragedy, what a loss to them and to their cause, what a heart-breaking disappointment! Yes, to them, to some of them at least, but not to Him. To Him this is not a tragedy, to Him this is not failure, to Him this is the final accomplishment of the task he has come to do, to Him the will of the Father is now completely fulfilled, to Him all things are now finished. Had He not said as a young lad, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Had He not, at the opening of His public career, declared: "Thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness?" And in the busy scenes of his life, when his friends would have had Him take his ease and spare Himself, did He not then state his great consuming purpose: "I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work?" And now the night had come, He could work no more. But the work was finished, there was nothing left undone that He had come to do, there was no unfinished task for a successor. The work of the Christ is a *finished* work, finished in his perfect revelation of God, finished in his perfect obedience, finished in his perfect atonement between God and man.

Two thousand years have rolled over this green earth of ours since these dying words were spoken on that little "green hill far away, without a city's wall." Great progress has been made by the race of man, progress in science and invention. in

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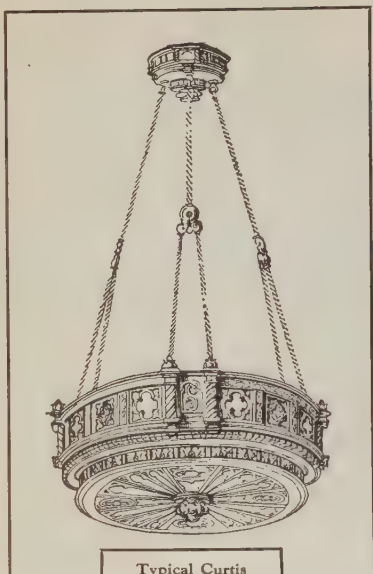
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politics and in economics, in social uplift and in moral welfare. New worlds have been opened up unto us, worlds of which the seers of antiquity had never dreamed. New realms have been unlocked to us, realms so miraculous that the wildest dreams of the poets of a former day would not dare to dream them. We are living in a veritable wonder-world since we have learned to tune in as it were to the music of the spheres, and the wisest of our fathers, were they to return to this earth, would be lost and bewildered. And yet, with all this wonderful progress, the human race has made no progress in things spiritual beyond the Lord Jesus Christ. No, it lags centuries behind him still. In his revelation of God as our Father full of grace and truth He is perfectly unique, and the greatest thinkers are but learning their spiritual A B Cs from Him. In his perfect obedience to the will of the Father, as reflected in his pure and sinless life, we simply stand in awe, and the purest and the best of the sons of men must fall down before Him with the confession of Simon the Fisherman, "Depart from me, Lord, for I am a sinful man!" In his perfect atonement for the sin of man, bringing about reconciliation between God and man through his own sacrifice, He has done that which all the ages have not yet been able fully to fathom. The cross on Calvary with all its spiritual meaning for the redemption of men towers above all human systems of redemption from sin even as the snow-capped summits of the Jungfrau or of our own Mount Hood tower above the rude log cabin constructed at its base by the hand of man.

Yes, the life of Jesus closed as a well-rounded life, his task was fully accomplished, it was not a broken life, nor an unfinished task, but that which He had come to do He fully accomplished, and therefore His word, "It is finished," is the word of a divine finality, the scripture was fulfilled, the will of the Father was accomplished, his mission in life was now completed. By once offering up Himself for our sin He "obtained eternal redemption for us."

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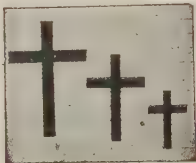
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commencement. Where He left off, we are to start out, not to add unto His work, but to extend the knowledge and the blessings of his work unto the uttermost parts of the earth.

This word of the Master assures us of victory. In his life he never wavered or faltered. He never hesitated, never vacillated. He "set his face steadfastly to go up to Jerusalem," and no man could make him waver. The best of us have spells of discouragement, of indecision, of despondency, of human weakness, when our labors and our influence amount to but little. Jesus never had such a weakness. He went through his struggles, his crises, and he came out serene and composed even as the shining sun emerges again after the terrors of the hurricane. Few of us will be able to say at the end of our journey: "It is finished." Most of us will leave behind, as have the poets and the artists, some unfinished work, something we had planned and hoped to do, but which it was not given us to carry out.

Of the great Scotch preacher, Dr. Andrew Bonar, it is said, that he worked so faithfully, lived so consistently, had himself under such discipline and in such deep consecration to his Master, that when the end came his work was done, there was no unfinished task, even the very letters, excepting those that had arrived during the last two days of his sickness, had been answered. We may not be able to leave such a finished work behind us. We must confess with the Apostle to the gentiles that we have not yet apprehended, laid hold of the things set before our eyes of faith, but may we be able to say with him, "I have finished the course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness." And this we shall be able to say because there has become real in our hearts and lives the word of divine finality, the word of glorious victory, spoken by the dying Saviour: "*It is finished.*"

Blessed Are They That Mourn

(Continued from page 810)

It offers little by way of a philosophical explanation of the problem. It offers much by way of comfort and cheer. It is a sufficient light by which to walk. The light is that of the wondrous words of Jesus, "Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted."

In the Synagogue at Nazareth Jesus read from the prophet Isaiah, "He hath sent me to heal the broken hearted." And everywhere He went He touched and healed broken hearts. No wonder that it is written, "The common people heard Him gladly!" To our broken hearts and the broken heart of the world He comes with a message of healing and we hear Him gladly, hungrily. To us who mourn He says, "Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted." No less than they who sat at His feet that day on the mountainside do we today recognize the authority and feel the love of those words. No less than they are our hearts warmed and cheered.

Blessed are they that mourn because they suffer from the oppression of men, for they shall be

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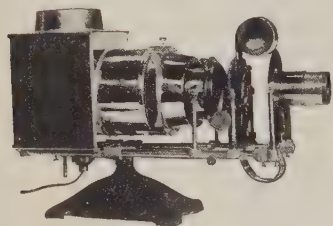
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comforted. Of such were they who listened that first day. Not bowed lamenting in captivity by the river of Babylon this time were they, but worse, stooped they were, grieving 'neath the oppression of their Roman conquerors. Brute force was triumphant, as so often, over spiritual righteousness. Luke records Jesus' words as though he had spoken directly and specifically, "Blessed are ye that weep now for ye shall laugh." To the spirit is the ultimate victory. Force shall not always exult in dominance. To be true to their Judaism meant weeping then, but eventually they should laugh. So He cheered them. And so He instilled courage into the hearts of His newly chosen apostles for whom there was to be much weeping as they did His bidding faithfully. How manifest in the writings of the New Testament it is that they clung tenaciously to His promise as they met with tribulation in their discipleship. The Letters of the New Testament canon are not the abstract treatises of dreamy metaphysicists, but practical, horatory messages drafted in the heat of midday amidst the struggle. They reveal a sensing of the Christian philosophy that love must suffer, suffer vicariously and redemptively, but most of all is apparent the clinging of faith to the promise of future comfort for those that mourn now. The elder apostles transmitted the glorious hope to their younger associates and fellow-Christians as they too met trial and suffering. "If we suffer we shall also reign with Him." "Ye are partakers of the sufferings, so also are ye of the comfort."

Blessed too are they that mourn for their sins, for they shall be comforted. But, "woe unto you, ye that laugh now, for ye shall mourn and weep." Woe to those that live in the thoughtlessness, carelessness and frivolity of sin. Their scornful, sophisticated laughter shall some day be changed perforce to mourning and weeping. But blessed are they that mourn for their sins. "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart O God, thou wilt not despise." There shall be comfort in the redemptive love of the Saviour.

And blessed are they that mourn in all the sorrows of life, for in Christ they shall be comforted. Death comes, but He is victor over the grave. The blows of the world buffet life, but He has sent us the Comforter. In His presence "the cares that infest the day . . . fold their tents like the Arabs and as silently steal away." Life may be a weary pilgrimage in a sad land, but they that mourn are blessed in Christ because they shall be comforted in that land where God "shall wipe away every tear."

A satisfying philosophy of suffering is difficult to achieve. Truly we see in a mirror, darkly. But we are learning, slowly, falteringly, yet learning to see God and His purpose in the universe. We shall not be satisfied till we see "face to face," "see God, Absolute Knowledge, reconciling all." But for the darkness of the present there is the light of the promise of Jesus. By Hope, that one of the three abiding verities, we walk, walk into eternity. Blessed are we that mourn, perchance

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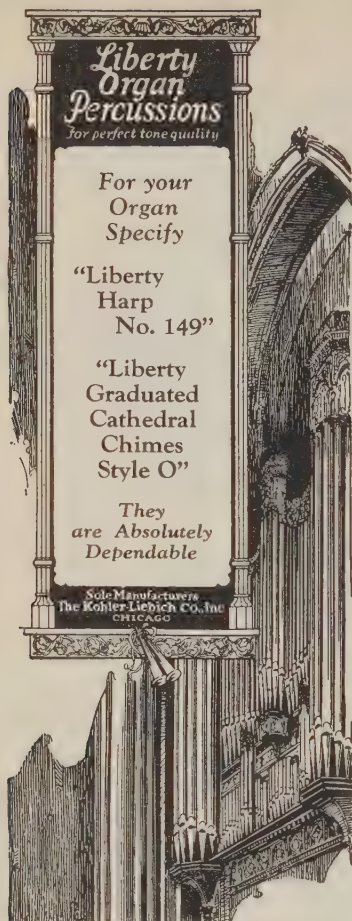
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because we mourn, in our mourning, by our mourning, but blessed above all, because we shall be comforted.

The Transfiguration

REV. DR. S. H. HOWE

A clergyman of exceptional ability and of surpassing success recently remarked in my hearing that he had never preached a sermon on the Transfiguration. A great and crisis event in the career of Jesus awaits his treatment. For the transfiguration is the event to which all previous events led up and from which all that followed takes its departure. It stands as a distinct line of demarcation in the ministration of our Lord.

The time and place are significant. It occurred outside the Jewish frontier that it might be given a world frontage. It was not colored by racial tradition. It cannot be attributed to provincial superstition. The time was significant, at the close of a ministry of teaching and miracle working thus opening a new page for an unnoted history. From hence His face is set toward Jerusalem where He would enact the tragedy in which His career terminated. Hitherto he has laid the foundation of the faith on which he would build his church. The Apostle Peter had voiced that faith in response to the question, "Whom say ye that I am?" in the words, "Thou art the Son of God."

It was fitting that he should give the full confirmation of that faith. That he should release that imprisoned glory which mortal eyes had not gazed upon. Hitherto that hidden splendor had been veiled. It here bursts out from its hidden reserve and guarded secrecy and flashes a dazzling splendor upon beholders.

He had laid the winning spells of his personality on his beneficiaries but he had other reserves of power by which he would win the following of a far greater constituency. "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me." But after the great confession of Peter he could reveal an unexpected opulence of power. Jesus here revealed to his awed disciples not a newly acquired glory. He manifested an existent splendor. He had been all that was disclosed on the Transfiguration mount but the curtain of the flesh concealed the essential attributes of his person. He had spoken guardedly of the tragedy which now awaits him. But now the hour was striking for the open self-disclosure.

Moses and Elijah, the two great prophets, glide to his side and their high discourse was of the exodus in which his career ended. They spoke of his decease only as the palmary event from which all else would fall away into subordinate moment. From hence the cross was on his horizon line and he could now declare it. These great visitants were not on the mount to pass verdicts on what seems to engross much of modern thinking. They were not to pass judgments or press emphasis on his teaching or example, not to utter felicitations on his humanity in all of which there is not the faintest suggestion of his Saviourhood. These

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prophets broke into history to hold high discourse on his decease which he was to accomplish at Jerusalem. It was this that supremely concerned their own and the whole world's redemption, his exodus, his death on the cross on which depended the destiny of themselves and all men. Great teaching and fine conduct are no basis for the faith of sinful men then or now or always. But would he die for the sins of the world was the crucial question for them and for us and for all men. Of this they held high discourse and bore supreme concern that it was to this supreme determinative fact his disciples were to bear witness. To this fact his teaching and his mighty works led up. To this all his after steps led up and to that fact the faith of all true believers has led up. For this all the resources of divine power and love were demanded. The outflashing of that hidden glory was what the three apostles saw for the first time. To confirm their faith made in Peter's great confession they were given vision of the divine majesty on the Holy Mount.

We should be sorely bereaved by the exclusion of this scene. We might be wholly engrossed with the manward side of his nature, but he here is a corrective of merely humanitarian thoughts. Here the divine breaks out upon us so that we cannot put him in any human classification. No human figure had ever flashed out into such overpowering splendor.

Hints of this may be given when Christ comes to live with and in us. He reproduces Himself in his followers. If we are God-dwelt we are not common clay. Your life is hid with Christ in God enwrapped, enveloped in God and something of the inner glory flashes out through face and form. His life is hidden in his church which is his body. There is an imprisoned glory in the humblest believer and the veils become transparent and the hidden Christ is revealed. Moses' face shone when he came down from the mountain commission; and Stephen's face shown like an angel's when the stones were rattling about his head. We shall be like him when we see him as he is. They that turn many to righteousness shall shine with the brightness of the firmament and as the stars forever and anon. But this vision on the mount is the glory at which we all light our torches.

It was when he prayed that he was transfigured, and Christian faith and prayer take this illuminating function for us. St. Francis' face shone when he prayed. St. Teresa's face shone with supernatural light and beauty. Our modern saints may not wear the Aureole of the Mediavalists but they are radiant when they live the life divine. A great company of Christian people assembled for worship or for conference bear on their faces a light not seen on land or sea. They bear scant resemblance to the faces you see at the prize rings or in the man on the street.

This subject and event are not incredible. We are, in spite of ourselves, believers in and witnesses of transfiguration—Luther Burbank could take a rundown flower and make it fit to be planted in the garden of the Hesperides. A sculptor can take a bit of Carrara marble and carve it into the



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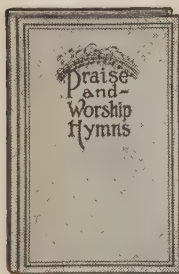
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2. Let us learn what a mighty mass of personality Christ had to reveal that was not revealed in his ministry of teaching and healing. Let us learn what a wealth of personality in ourselves which this life does not unfold.

3. Let us learn what a medium for the expression of personality a human form may furnish. It was a human body which Jesus Christ assumes from which the divine glory broke in dazzling effulgence from which we turn averted faces.

4. And let us learn the doctrine of the persistence of personality. These two mighty spirits, Moses and Elias, who had shaken the world, reappear with unshattered personality—and deeply engrossed with the outcome of the redemptive agency on which they themselves had wrought and their persistent interest in the redemption of the world. These glorified saints were watching with bated breath and uninterrupted interest the unfolding drama; and the final tragedy on which the world's salvation hinged.

5. Let us learn the place the cross held in the interest of Jesus Christ himself and which he was now openly to proclaim. It was to him the supreme event for which he came. And it is the one point of centrality for us to fix our eyes upon. The decease, the exodus, the death, he was to accomplish at Jerusalem.

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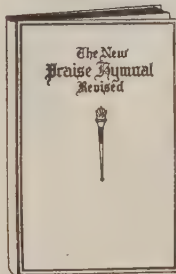
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VII—Something to Do

Dear Howard:

If my letters to you are of some help I am glad of it. Maybe, as you infer, they read more like lectures than letters, but don't overlook that to lecture is a father's privilege. In these epistles, Howard, it is not my intention to lay down any "Rules." I don't know enough about the game for that. No, my idea is simply to give you a hint or two regarding the more important aspects of your work.

It seems to me that if you can get the folks of your Church to work as you suggested it would be a mighty fine thing. Many a Church is a Niagara Falls undeveloped. What is the use of a dynamo unless it is harnessed to something? For scores of people to remain idle in a Church is like a huge waterfall running to waste.

I would get your church book out, if I were you and go over each name individually. Try and think of the abilities of each person. For instance, if you know Mary Peters has talent for teaching, utilize it by making her a Sunday School teacher. Likewise Mr. Hartman, since you know he has an eye for business, why not have him put on the official board? Then again, there is that woman whom I met the other day while visiting you. I think you said her name was Mrs. Panting.

She is a bright conversationalist, she seems to know just what to talk about when meeting the various people. She ought to be quite an asset to any Church. It seems to me, unless I am mistaken, she ought to prove of invaluable help to you. Capitalize the gifts of your people for the glory of God.

I remember a young man in one of my parishes, Jack Bond. Jack was a good man, a sort of hail-fellow-well-met. He had a wife and three children. Before his marriage he caused his father some considerable trouble. The old gent was most anxious that I should get him into church. While his name was on our books I very seldom saw him at any of the services. Still, I knew there must be some way to get him to give some consideration to the claims of religion.

Then one day I discovered we were without a janitor. Now Jack's luck had gone against him and he was hard up. Thought I to myself, maybe he would like to make a little extra money. I called upon him and laid the proposition before him. I tried to show him that in becoming caretaker of our property he would be doing something for the Kingdom. I did not stress too much the financial part which I knew HE would not overlook. To have done so would have wrecked my plans for while I knew he needed money badly, to capitalize his adversity would have been very bad diplomacy and then

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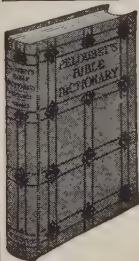
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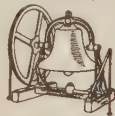
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he would have been the first to nail the insinuation that he was in need of a few extra shekels. Such is human nature.

Well, in the course of a week or two he took over the job and made good. By and by, when an evangelist came along he made up his mind to accept the Lord Jesus as his personal saviour and I also had the joy of baptizing his wife. And all because of my desire that I might by some means save him. It changed that home as nothing else could. When Jesus enters a home the devil "scoots," as little Roberta used to say.

Phillips Brooks once said that bricks and mortar are bricks and mortar until the architect can make them something else. And, thank God, he CAN make them into something else. It is said that John Henry Jowett entered the ministry because a humble Sunday-school teacher spoke to him about it. Probably he had never thought about it before. Somebody had something to do with the appointment of that Sunday-school teacher. I wonder sometimes, Howard, if we really appreciate our high calling. What a responsibility is ours! May we always be true to it.

One word of warning is needed. Be sure that the person you have in mind for a certain position is capable and is the proper one. For instance to have as a parish visitor a deaconess who is a proverbial wind-bag and gossip would be a great disaster. Instead of bringing to the needy the unsearchable riches of the Master she would be likely to impart to them the latest indiscretions of Mrs. Jones who lives on a back street. She might prove interesting to many for I notice that even though some people don't like to gossip themselves they are not adverse to listening to those who do. So long as there are listeners there will be talkers. It is a sort of law of supply and demand.

But such a person would become a parish nuisance and would certainly not command any respect. So be careful in making suggestions for office. Sometimes we elect as a Sunday-school teacher a young woman who is a good public school teacher. And we think we have done a good stroke of business. This is not always so. While she may know something of teaching unless she knows the great Teacher I am afraid her work will not prove lasting. A good teacher imparts not only information but inspiration. He or she will be the exemplification of that which is taught.

Don't elect a man to the board of deacons merely because he's a grocer on Pine Avenue. Elect him because he is a follower of the Lord Jesus, and because he is willing to help extend his Kingdom here on earth. If a man prays cream and lives skimmed milk he may have a place in the church but it's not on the official roll. Too many men of this sort will strip the gears of the machinery of the best church.

I maintain that what I said in the beginning of this letter is the proper course to pursue.

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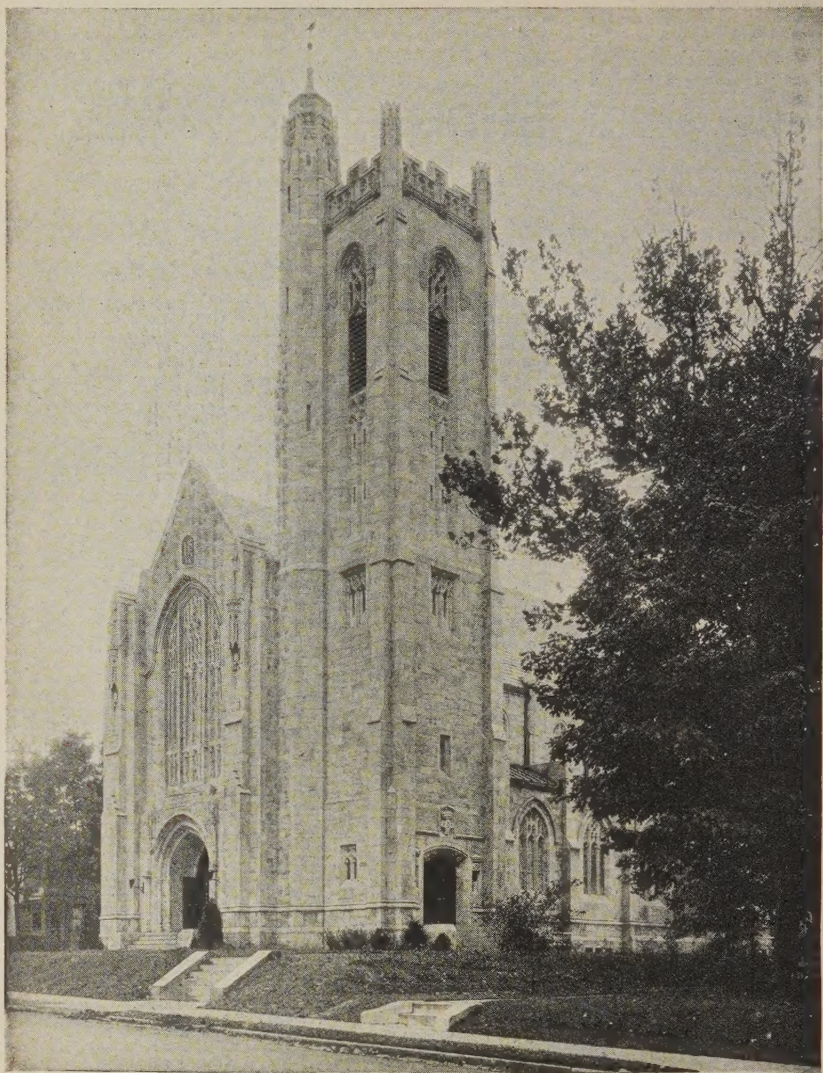
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